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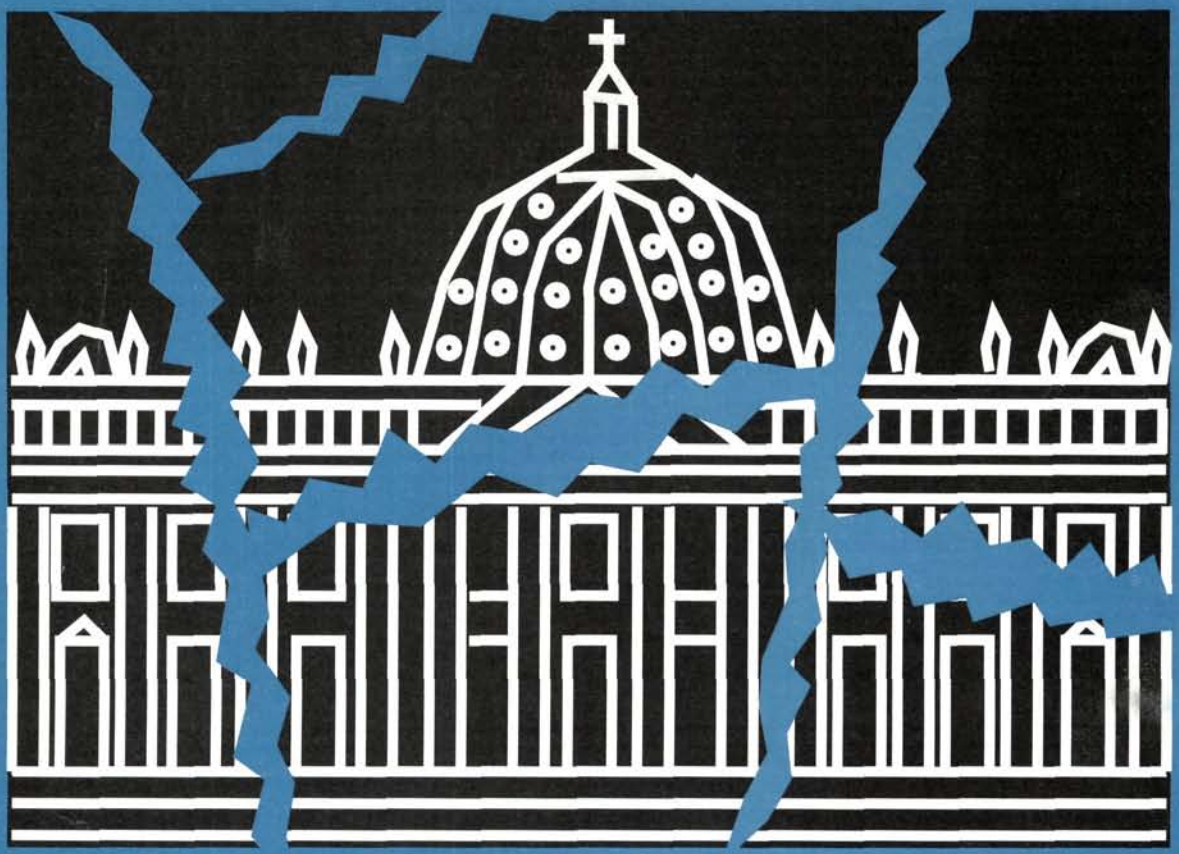
COMMONWEAL

VATICAN II
REVOLUTIONARY EVENT

ANDREW GREELEY



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COMMONWEAL
The Next Generation

There is a time to sow and a time to reap. Or so we have been told by those who have successfully handed on from generation to generation a five-thousand-year-old biblical tradition. That's an example of fiduciary responsibility we at *Commonweal* would like to emulate.

But the magazine cannot reap what is not sown. Now is the time for those who believe in *Commonweal* to sow the financial seeds that will enable the magazine to pass its tradition on to the next generation... and the next. That requires stability. For that reason we have established an endowment fund for "the next generation." We are halfway to our $1 million goal. Half-way is nice, but there are miles to go before we reap. We ask those who have already contributed to encourage other friends of the magazine to join this effort.

The endowment fund supplements (does not replace) the annual fundraising efforts through the Commonweal Associates. The endowment campaign focuses on larger gifts and asset transfers through vehicles such as remainder trusts, charitable annuities, and insurance policies. Such philanthropic gifts can be a financial benefit to the giver, often allowing a tax deduction while interest on the asset is paid. For *Commonweal*, and for the larger commonweal, we trust the intangible return on such gifts will be much larger still.

Commonweal has been called "perhaps the most significant lay enterprise and achievement in the history of American Catholicism." That achievement was sown by the tireless work of Catholic families, parishes, priests and religious, and colleges and universities that produced a vibrant and confident Catholic culture and intellectual life. But our church and our world have been transformed. If Catholic intellectual culture is to continue to be vital, new ways must be found to support and encourage its expression.

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Dennis O'Brien, the Chair of the Endowment Fund, would like to speak with you. Please write or phone him at Commonweal, 475 Riverside Drive, Room 405, New York, N.Y. 10115; toll-free: (888) 495-6755.

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Our warmest thanks to all

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COMMONWEAL

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Smug, sneering, snide

I was saddened by the tone of many of the articles in *Commonweal*'s issue of August 14. The editorial on recent papal pronouncements was smug. The comment by Richard McCormick, S.J., on the same topic was sneering. J.V. Long's account of his visit to Mother Angelica's headquarters was snide. I never thought I would read in *Commonweal* an "I-visited-your-liturgy-and-here's-what's wrong-with-it" review like Long's. Is *Commonweal* now the *Wanderer* of the Left? I used to be able to count on *Commonweal* to stand above the fray. Now it seems that *Commonweal* is forging a new "siege mentality."

ALBERT SCHORSCH III
Chicago, Ill.

Hope & humor renewed

Thank you, thank you for the whole wonderful issue dated August 14. The editorial, "Tests of Faith," eloquently expressed my distress about the apostolic letter, "To Defend the Faith." The articles by Richard A. McCormick and James A. Coriden expanded my knowledge of the letter's content and its possible consequences. The loving memoir of Isaiah Berlin and the assessment of his work by David McCabe introduced me to someone about whom I want to learn more, especially since he saw diversity as wondrous and not frightening. And the "Last Word" by J.V. Long made me chuckle—a bit ruefully but enough to relieve my gloom.

My faith is indeed being tested by the apostolic letter and other hierarchical pronouncements, but with your help I have renewed hope that I will muddle through.

ANNE M. REYNOLDS
Pearl River, N.Y.

Newman's struggles & ours

Regarding your editorial ["Tests of Faith," August 14], I offer by way of comfort an excerpt from a letter written by Cardinal Newman [May 19, 1863] to Miss Emily Bowles:

"This age of the church is peculiar—in former times, primitive and medieval, there was not the extreme centralization now in use. If a private theologian said anything free, another answered him. If the controversy grew, then it went to a bishop, a theological faculty, or to some foreign university. The Holy See was but the court of ultimate appeal. Now, if I, as a private priest, put anything into print, Propaganda answers me at once. How can I fight with such a chain on my arm? It is like the Persians driven on to fight under the lash. There was true private judgment in the primitive and medieval schools—there are no schools now, no private judgment (in the religious sense of the term), no freedom, that is, of opinion. That is, no exercise of the intellect of former times. This is a way of things which, in God's own time, will work its own cure, of necessity."

ROBERT J. MILLER, O.P.
River Forest, Ill.

More from Newman

In his fine article [August 14], Robert Imbelli asks: "How, then, is truth determined?" John Henry Newman, who had experience in the nineteenth century of the papal strategies that your editorial deplores, gave the following advice to a friend, Robert Ornsby, shortly before the appearance of the Syllabus of Errors:

"Truth is wrought out by many minds, working together freely. As far as I can make out, this has ever been the rule of the church till now, when the first French Revolution having destroyed the Schools of Europe, a sort of centralization has been established at headquarters—and the individual thinker in France, England or Germany is brought into immediate collision with the most sacred authorities of the Divine Polity."

Newman prefaced these remarks by saying: "And your cut and dried answers out of a dogmatic treatise are no weapons with which the Catholic Reason can hope to vanquish the infidels of the day. Why was it that the Medieval Schools were so vigorous? Because they were allowed free and fair play—because the disputants were not made to feel the bit in their mouths at every other word they spoke, but could move their limbs freely and expatiate at will. Then, when they went wrong, a stronger and truer intellect set them down—and, as time went on, if the dispute got perilous, and a controversialist obstinate, then at length Rome interfered—at length, not at first."

Newman ended by adding: "I don't say this to everyone—I suppose we must be worse, before we are better—because we do not recognize that we are bad." The quotations are from Newman's *Letters and Diaries*, London, 1970, Vol. XX, pp. 425-6.

(REV.) THOMAS J. SHELLEY
Bronx, N.Y.

Acquiescent bishops

As a professor of history, including church history, I'd like to comment on the articles in your issue of August 14 dealing with "the pope's hard sayings." In the development of institutional power, be it political or religious, authority enhances itself unless checked. When Thomas Jefferson said that democracy depends upon an educated public, I think he meant that vigilance is needed to offset the tendency of authority to become dictatorial. That lesson has relevance to church government as well.

What concerns me is the lack of response from the bishops—or, worse yet, their agreement to mute or still their own voice in the meetings of the National Conference of Catholic Bishops.

The collegiality of the bishops, a

(Continued on page 42)

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The president

To date, *Commonweal* has said very little about the national hog wallow. The president's sexual infidelities and continuing deception, the independent counsel's dogged pursuit into semen stains and the hidden meaning of presidential neckwear, the media's mindless repetition of every detail have had all the marks of a production by The Ridiculous Theatrical Company. Leering and moralizing, low humor and high-minded pronouncements, pratfalls and grandiose gestures, limp apologies and loose lips—all news, all the time, all shameless. And most ridiculous—no one has known how to bring down the curtain.

Well, that is no longer quite the case. President Bill Clinton's admission on August 17 of "lapses in judgment" and the question of presidential manipulation raised by the antiterrorism strikes in Afghanistan and Sudan may mark the beginning of the last act. Even before the special counsel has presented his report to Congress, there is a rising chorus of editorial writers and Republicans calling for the president's resignation, a clear signal that Mr. Clinton is in deep trouble. Despite the danger of adding to the clamor, here are some of our thoughts.

Except in the further reaches of libertarian advocacy, there is a consensus about the president's sexual misdeeds. Appalling and shameful. Desperate, deluded, driven, dumb, and just plain sad. It's enough to give heterosexuality a bad name. Also youth. Also middle-age. When the public cringes in embarrassment, it isn't only because the children are watching. Don't we also cringe for ourselves over temptations so easily succumbed to and human weakness so starkly exposed?

About the president's lies there is only slightly less of a consensus. Politicians lie. Presidents lie. They have been lying to us as long as we can remember. Eisenhower on U-2 flights. Johnson on the Gulf of Tonkin. Nixon on Cambodia and Watergate. Reagan on Iran-*contra*. On matters, then, of far greater consequence than Ms. Lewinsky. This is regrettable, and in the case of Nixon (and maybe less directly, of Johnson) sufficiently outrageous that they were driven from office.

Clinton's lying is complicated by four things. First, the lying about Ms. Lewinsky was done with a calculated gaze into the TV camera and a bald-faced assertion of innocence. Second, it is said to culminate a pattern of dissimulation and "slickness" that have been Clinton's stock in trade. Third, it had to do with a matter that should never have been the subject of a special counsel's probe. Fourth, it was initially done in a deposition, under oath.

The first two of those items raise issues of character and of politics. Will a man who betrays his marriage vows also betray his office and the expectations of those who voted for him? Well, possibly. And will a man who keeps his marriage vows also betray his office and campaign promises? Again, possibly. Undoubtedly attitudes and actions in personal matters are linked to attitudes and actions in matters of state. Even so, history and literature instruct us that in any given case, from the austere Torquemada to the philandering Oskar Schindler, the link is likely to be clear to God but not to mortals. Is it that understanding that has tempered public reaction?

Political life frequently requires some degree of dissembling. In 1932 Franklin

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Roosevelt campaigned on a pledge to balance the budget. In 1941, he misrepresented the nature of Lend-Lease to save Britain from Nazi defeat. Like John Kennedy, FDR hid both his physical disabilities and his sexually fractured marriage from enemies and voters.

Those who say that cunning and deception have been defining traits of Clinton's career are not wrong. If only it could be shown that these are unmitigated vices in a politician! For five years Clinton has led a nation, and a party, demanding contradictory goals (social services but smaller government; an end to the deficit but tax cuts; human rights abroad but no military risks), while facing no urgent challenges of the sort that concentrate the national mind and compel choices. The president has steadied the national budget and with it the economy, staved off the gutting of social programs, negotiated some better-than-expected outcomes in Bosnia and Haiti, governed half his first term with a Gingrich Congress, and achieved a second term. He could not have done all that without considerable cunning.

Clinton may have maneuvered the country into a quagmire on welfare reform (any serious economic downturn will show just how serious this could be). And if he isn't careful, he will lead the country astray on Social Security. Depending on your agenda, he can be blamed for a long list of nonaccomplishments, very few of which would have been achieved by a less shifty leader. And what many resent about his shiftiness is simply that it prevailed over their own opposing agendas.

Here we come to the great divide among those now calling for the president's resignation. They are split between those focused on the past and those focused on the future; they are also split between those, not surprisingly, who always opposed him and those who generally sympathized with his efforts.

Those focused on the past believe his deeds simply disqualify him from continuing to lead the nation, regardless of how well he might be able to do it. They are convinced that he is guilty of multiple crimes, the first of which was getting elected in the first place. The Lewinsky case is only the smoking gun.

It is, however, a very troubling smoking gun. Although no fan of Clarence Thomas's candidacy for the Supreme Court, we warned back in 1991 that the last-ditch effort to block his appointment by leaking Anita Hill's charges of sexual accusations, and forcing testimony and potential perjury under oath, was introducing a new toxicity into American politics (*Commonweal*, October 25, 1991). (It was under liberal auspices, remember, that descriptions of pubic hairs on Coke cans first made network TV.)

Likewise, there has been a disturbing equivocation at the heart of the Starr investigation ever since the independent counsel decided to use the leverage of the Lewinsky scandal as a means to try to substantiate what he had been unable to prove in the Webster Hubbell case. The independent counsel is given his very considerable powers in order to insulate the law from politics, to insure that high officeholders are not above the law. But it was precisely the salaciousness of the Lewinsky matter—and its consequent political explosiveness—that the independent counsel's office has manipulated. The president's sex life was subject to legal scrutiny and subpoena, while his privacy and that of his family's were effectively deprived of the legal protections—most obviously the possibility of remaining silent—that the ordinary citizen would have enjoyed. This legally coerced exposure of sexual secrets humiliating to both Mr. Clinton and Ms. Lewinsky in order to gain political advantage, or to bolster a nonrelated legal case, or both, seems an ominous exercise of state power that should trouble liberals and conservatives alike. If this alone is the smoking gun, we are strongly inclined to leave the president in his embarrassment to be punished by the historical record—and no more.

But there is another case for resignation that looks less to the past and more to the future. Its proponents deplore the president's behavior, but, repelling as it may be, they do not think it belongs on any list of high crimes and misdemeanors. Nevertheless, the president's ability to govern and his motives are called into question. The "wag the dog" speculations about the missile strikes against Afghanistan and the Sudan are only the beginning. But would the military and intelligence services really pull Clinton's chestnuts out of the fire? Very unlikely. If he had waited longer to act or not acted at all, would the president have been charged with subordinating national security needs to personal political considerations? Of course. The shadow won't disappear. Every major White House decision will be subject to speculation about the president's motives.

Mr. Starr's report, it is assumed, will be a brief for impeachment. Nothing less will justify the extent of his probe and the distaste it has provoked. Given what is now known, that report can probably make a moral case, if not an airtight legal one, that Clinton perjured himself and obstructed justice in the Lewinsky chapter of the Paula Jones case, now dismissed. Furthermore, the matter will not be dispatched swiftly. Week by week, or month by month, it will work its way through the congressional digestive tract. It will play a role in November. It will be injected into the presidential primary cycle. Primaries, after all, are fought among militants.

The most persuasive arguments that Clinton should resign rather than preside over gridlock to the twenty-first century come not from those who never approved of him in the first place but from those who did. His protean talents, his ability to mix government activism with conservative moral appeals, his sensitivity to public moods, and his very skill at seizing from conservatives some of their favorite causes—all bespoke, in the judgment of these observers, an ability to rescue liberalism from the dogmatic hardening of the arteries that appeared to overtake many in both its Great Society and civil-libertarian ranks.

But now, they argue, Clinton has become an albatross around the neck of whatever was positive in Clintonism.

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He can never again be an effective spokesman for government assistance allied to moral discipline. His legendary flexibility will inevitably be interpreted not as a means to a policy but as a substitute for one. Spin has been indelibly revealed not just as an attribute of his character but its essence.

We are sympathetic to this argument. And the prospect of another stretch of downtime while serious issues confront the nation is deeply discouraging: Child poverty, educational failure, inadequate health care, the festering inequality within and among nations, regional conflict in the Middle East and ethnic atrocities in Africa and Europe, the proliferation of weapons of mass destruction, the economic meltdown of Russia, a one-currency Europe, a tumultuous Islam, a global market in money and culture.

There is, unfortunately, a circularity to this argument. If enough influential voices insist that the president can no longer effectively govern, that may assure that he can't. To remove a president, twice democratically elected, by resignation or impeachment, is a very serious business. To turn over the government to a vice-president with a creditable résumé but who is also being pursued by investigators would be no guarantee of stability in government.

All this keeps us from the ranks of those calling upon the president to resign—what columnist Mark Shields has called the "Kevorkian solution." At least for the moment. "It is time," said the president, "to move on." The burden of doing that rests largely with him. For ourselves, we think it's time to wait and watch. Waiting won't be fun. It is, we suggest, the most prudent course to follow.

RAYMOND BROWN, R.I.P.

News of the death of Raymond E. Brown was carried to the Wabash Center for the Teaching of Religion and Theology by Gustav Niebuhr's obituary in the *New York Times* (August 11, 1998). I was there for a consultation on world religions. As the news of the eminent scholar's death spread among the participants, it struck me that no one needed to be told "which" Raymond Brown was meant, even among scholars in disciplines far from his own specialty in New Testament. And everyone expressed surprise that he was "only seventy" at the time of his death; he had been visible and important for so long that they thought of him as "at least eighty."

Such reactions are tribute to the distinctive place Raymond Edward Brown occupied for some forty years among Roman Catholic biblical scholars. Centrist Christian scholarship has lost one of its most visible, articulate, and credible practitioners.

Brown's prodigious gifts of scholarship surfaced early and continued to the end. His output was enormous: It includes his major commentaries on the Gospel and Letters of John, his influential studies on the birth and death of Jesus, and many smaller studies of issues in New Testament history and theology. His scholarship was universally acknowledged as learned, responsible, and preeminently fair. He had a distinctive ability to take on a complicated issue, sort through every opinion ever expressed on it in the history of scholarship, and render a judgment that, if neither revolutionary nor brilliant, was always reasonable.

At least as significant as his individual publications were his collaborative efforts. With Joseph Fitzmyer and Roland Murphy he edited *The Jerome Biblical Commentary*, which, perhaps more than any other single volume, signaled the coming of age of Catholic critical scholarship. Less visible but no less important were the ecumenical studies of Mary and Peter that Brown and Fitzmyer produced together with Protestant colleagues, his collaboration with John Meier in the study of early Christianity in Antioch and Rome, and his participation and leadership in translation and lectionary projects. His long partnership with J.L. Martyn at Union Theological Seminary in New York was perhaps the perfect expression of the *rapprochement* between Catholic and Protestant biblical scholars in America.

He wrote for ordinary people as well as other scholars. Through articles, books, countless lectures, statements, and conferences, he popularized the findings of scholarship for the church. He thus functioned as an indispensable bridge between those skeptical of Catholicism's willingness to engage Scripture critically and those skeptical of critical scholarship's willingness to engage the New Testament as Sacred Scripture. He showed it was possible to unite the highest standards of scholarship and the highest devotion to the faith. For in an era when biblical scholarship increasingly turned toward the academy, Father Brown's work, while meeting the highest scholarly standards, was nonetheless rendered as a service in and for the church.

Such a mediating position inevitably involves stress and real suffering. When Brown identified as Jewish midrash the poetic beauty of the birth narratives, he found little favor with historicists. When he meticulously argued for the fundamental historicity of the Passion accounts, he received like disfavor twice over from ideologues. For some conservative Catholics he was far too liberal; for many scholars, the *imprimatur* sought and given for his books indicated a mind too little liberated. But throughout his long time in the public eye, Father Brown responded to controversy by consistently employing the craft of the scholar: compiling the minute data pertinent to the issue, assembling the points for and against every position, arguing with constant and dispassionate judiciousness for the conclusion that seemed most probable, or as close as we might get to the truth with our frail instruments of learning. By his lifelong effort to unite loyalty and criticism, he left us an example of what scholarship within the church might mean.

LUKE TIMOTHY JOHNSON

Luke Timothy Johnson, author of The Real Jesus *(HarperSanFrancisco), is the Woodruff Professor of New Testament at the Candler School of Theology, Emory University.*

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JOHN GARVEY

HIERARCHY

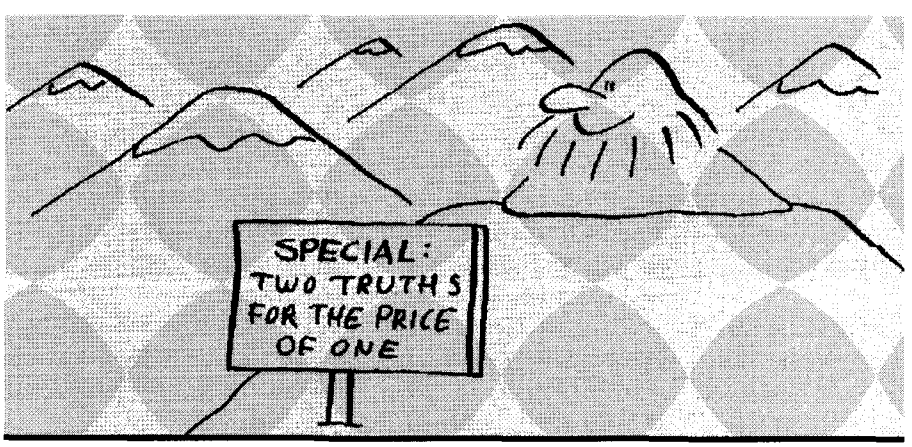
Not a four-letter word

Reading recent issues of *Commonweal* has made me wonder about the pervasiveness of the problems facing all believers. In the July 17 issue a survey of the attitudes of young Catholics revealed their loose attachment to the institutional church; and the editorial in the August 14 issue asked, "Is it fair to say that this papacy is in the hands of fear-filled men? Of course, not all their fears are groundless." No, indeed. But some of the explanations offered for the loose attachment so many people feel to the church, or for the Roman reaction to perceived or real threats to the faith, seem too narrowly focused on Roman Catholic issues: Vatican II is at fault, or the rejection by Rome of the spirit of Vatican II is at fault, or the assimilation of Catholics into the larger society....

None of these really begin to get at it, I think. Among young Orthodox there is a similar drift, and we never went through Vatican II. Most young Greeks are not churchgoers, and the relatively low number of young people who attend the church in countries formerly dominated by the Communists has been blamed too easily on communism. As corrupting as communism was, the same low church-attendance numbers can be found among young people in every church in Holland, England, Italy, and France, where the Communists weren't in charge. Among many of the young Orthodox I know who do go to church, there is the same "pick and choose" attitude toward Orthodox teaching that you can find among "cafeteria Catholics." And there have been fearful reactions among Orthodox hierarchs, including a book burning in Russia, in which the works of important modern Orthodox theologians were torched, apparently with the approval of at least one bishop.

Let me suggest that one problem has been the loss of a living sense of hierarchy. The word (like "patriarchy" and like "orthodoxy") has fallen on hard times. I am not speaking here primarily of "the hierarchy," but of the idea that some things (ideas, works of art) are more important, more profound, more compelling, than others; some teachings and teachers are more authoritative than others. This includes the understanding that not all interpretations or interpreters are equally privileged.

This is a profoundly undemocratic (though not antidemocratic) notion, but it is essential to understanding Christian orthodoxy. And it is simply not a part of the lives of many people today.



Why has it been lost? No doubt in part because it has been abused or invoked too easily, in too authoritarian a fashion; no doubt because it has too often been used to end discussion, rather than to deepen reflection. But a rejection of hierarchy is in the air, and it does in fact have to do with a dumbed-down democracy which affects the way we look at almost everything.

With the loss of established religion—a good thing—came a sense of religion as a purely personal choice, something private and subjective, and in recent years (as Robert Bellah et al. showed in *Habits of the Heart*, University of California Press), it serves a more or less consumer-oriented, therapeutic role. It is good if it pleases us and makes us feel good; otherwise, what good is it? There is no social stigma involved in not being associated with any church or temple, and this is probably a good thing. But there doesn't seem to be any other compelling reason to be a believer. The idea that some truths are matters of life and death is simply not a part of the way we see the world.

We say of a great work of art or music that there is something "compelling" about it. So it is with what faith reveals. Not to see that what God has done for us, that what has been revealed in Christ, is both heartbreaking and wonderful is to miss the point. To share the life God calls us to share, God's own divine life, and to be able to forgive as we are forgiven, require a self-emptying.

I have met a few people who seemed to me to incarnate Christian truth. They struck me as authoritative in a rare way: I would listen to what they had to say about Christ and take it (I can think of no other word) obediently. The word's roots imply not submission to an external authority, but deep listening.

Christian obedience may not be blind—we are not allowed that sort of mindlessness—but it must be obedience. To be truly obedient is to listen to God's word with our whole selves, to listen with everything that is in us. This has to do not with submission to an authority in some external sense, but rather with the understanding that in order to be transformed by God's word

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we must be still, and allow it to form us.

This has to do not only with hierarchy as a principle, but at times with the hierarchy itself. A bishop may not be charismatic, a good administrator, or even very bright, but if he is doing his job he may find it necessary to say of some theological teachings, of some interpretations of Scripture, or of some forms of behavior that they do not correspond with what we have been given in our tradition. He doesn't need to do this in an authoritarian way, but he may very well need to do it. While it is true that a deep listening is required of the hierarchy as it is of all of us, it is in fact traditionally, and for good reason, the job of the bishop and not the theologian.

But, as is often said in Orthodox circles, the true theologian is the one who prays, and the one who prays truly is the theologian. Prayer is the beginning of the deep listening which is involved in the only kind of obedience that should matter to Christians. □

OF SEVERAL MINDS

WILLIAM PFAFF

FAULTY JUDGMENT

The U.S. & an international criminal court

Washington's opposition to the international criminal court established by the UN majority at a meeting in Rome in July has revealed the intellectual confusion which prevails in the American government and policy community over America's proper role in the world.

The United States had originally urged that this court be created. Secretary of State Madeleine Albright had spoken with enthusiasm about how it could deter future war crimes by making it possible to bring individuals to justice for war atrocities. But by the time the United Nations' members arrived in Rome to debate the court, the Clinton administration had changed its mind, under heavy pressure from the Pentagon. The new American position was that it would support the court only if the United States were exempt from its jurisdiction.

Not only was the United States overwhelmingly defeated, but the court, as created, will have jurisdiction over Americans if they are charged with war crimes in a country which has signed the treaty. The position taken by the United States in Rome split the policy community, Congress, and U.S. opinion. The *Washington Post* approved the administration's policy. The *New York Times* called it a "shameful performance."

The case made by the administration was that because the United States is the sole superpower and the "indispensable nation," which others expect to uphold international order, it may sometimes find it necessary to violate international law—in the line of duty, so to speak. It therefore might find itself, or its soldiers, accused of war crimes, perhaps frivolously or mischievously. If the United States is to be the world's policeman, the argument says, it must be exempted from being held accountable to the law. This is defended as a realistic claim, given the way the world works—even if it is absurd in principle.

If the United States stops being the policeman, the argument goes on, the world will be sorry, because not only is no other nation qualified to play the role, no other would be trusted to do so. As Joshua Muravchik of the American Enterprise Institute writes, "everyone knows" that the United States is a "righteous nation." The argument is obviously fallacious as well as fatuous. It says that Washington should be allowed to act as an international vigilante, and be trusted because of its self-evident virtue.

If one looks at the past, there is no reason for the United States to make this argument. It has not in the past had to break the law to uphold international order. All of the U.S. armed interventions since the World War II that have been recognized by the international community as in the general interest, from the Korean War through the Gulf War to the intervention in Bosnia, have respected international law.

The occasions when the United States actually broke international law were in pursuit of narrow U.S. interests, or arose from an American conception of cold-war imperatives which even most U.S. allies refused to accept. These included the invasion of Cambodia and the secret war waged in Laos (both ancillary to the Vietnam War), as well as an unhappily long list of military interventions in the Caribbean and Central America, and some CIA strong-arm work elsewhere.

This is what presents the problem. Under the Rome treaty it is imaginable that Richard Nixon and Henry Kissinger could have been charged with the war crime of international aggression. U.S. interventions in Panama and Grenada might have led to similar charges against U.S. leaders. Yet Americans would feel better about themselves today had the United States never invaded Cambodia. The Panama and Grenada episodes are national embarrassments. The record shows that the country would have been better off respecting international law. None of its past acts of vigilantism produced any useful long-term result. They did the contrary, even in terms of U.S. interests. They certainly did nothing for international order or democracy.

One might say that Washington's arguments are wholly cynical. I do not think this is true. Xenophobia is involved, as in Senator Jesse Helms's (R-N.C.) opposition to the court. But a good many people, particularly in the military, have been convinced by a certain style of self-avowed "tough-minded" political advocacy that in the "real" world, respect for international law is weakness. This leads to the claim that breaking the law is essential to advancing the rule of law, and to the notion that the nations of the UN should name

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the United States the one nation not subject to international law.

This is indefensible and absurd, as serious people in Washington surely see. The affair has actually undermined Washington's claim to defend world order and lead the world community. It has made the United States the tacit advocate of illegality and vigilantism. Its main opponents in this matter are its principal allies, Canada, Germany, and Britain. The affair has done serious damage to the administration's own policies, as well as to the national interest. □

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George A. Lopez

THE SANCTIONS DILEMMA

Hype doesn't help

On July 25, members of Voices in the Wilderness and Pax Christi began a three-week fast and lobbying effort outside the United States Mission to the United Nations. It was designed to persuade policy makers to end the comprehensive trade sanctions against Iraq. The vigil follows years of activity by Voices, including civil disobedience in the form of delivery of relief supplies to Iraq. The sanctions are about to enter an unprecedented eighth year. Voices' rallying point has been its claim that between 600,000 and 1 million Iraqis have died as a result of the UN-supported sanctions, with a large proportion of these being children.

As an analyst of the humanitarian impact of the Iraqi sanctions, and as a supporter of Pax Christi, I share the hope that not one more Iraqi will die a preventable death. I, too, am convinced that the sanctions policy can and should have been managed more effectively and humanely. But I do not share the view of these groups that (1) sanctions constitute a genocide of Iraqis for which the West (read the United States) is to blame, or that (2) the international community (again read the United States) has sacrificed innocents as "acceptable" casualties in the struggle to control Saddam Hussein's ambitions to develop an arsenal of weapons of mass destruction.

Embedded in this disagreement over sanctions are excruciating ethical issues that Catholic peace circles have not sufficiently addressed.

- First, there is the problem of what to do about a brutal dictator who attacks not only his neighbors, but his own people with chemical agents, and who repeatedly frustrates attempts to secure full disclosure of Iraq's biological, chemical, nuclear, and other weapons programs.
- Second, there is the dilemma of accurately assessing to what extent the economic embargo has actually imposed hardship on the Iraqi people. For while there is no question that children in Iraq have died from treatable diseases and afflictions, we must also ask whether the Iraqi government's own policies actually attend to its people's needs.
- Third, there is the question of whether the international community's actions in the area of humanitarian relief parallel its rightful concern over weapons development.

While no effort should be spared to reduce the suffering of the Iraqi people, proponents for the removal of sanctions have failed to address these ethical quandaries. At its core, then, the question is: Do sanctions kill babies, or do Saddam Hussein's own policies kill them?

It is clear that the sanctions have caused severe health and nutrition problems in Iraq. As various analysts have documented, the sanctions imposed after the Gulf War created widespread unemployment, skyrocketing inflation, and severe shortages of previously imported commodities, including medicines, medical equipment, farm machinery, electrical generating equipment, and water purification supplies. As a result of these and war-related damage to water-supply and sewage-treatment systems, disease and malnutrition have risen sharply. Cholera, scarcely detected in the 1980s, reemerged at near-epidemic levels; typhoid spread alarmingly; and the stunting and wasting of children became widespread. As the UN Secretary General's November 1997 report observed: "The rate of acute malnutrition or wasting among children up to five years old was 11 percent, chronic malnutrition, which results in stunting, affected 31 percent, and 26 percent were underweight."

Faced with Saddam's intransigence on both weapons inspections and humanitarian relief efforts, the Security Council, though resolute on maintaining sanctions, was fairly unimaginative in executing an effective sanctions policy. In particular, the Council failed to see in the multiple requirements placed on Iraq after the Gulf War an opportunity to mix pressure, pain, and promises in ways that might have sparked more compliance, and which would have rewarded the real progress made on Iraq's compliance with various provisions important to the Council.

Specifically, there was neither new bargaining over sanctions, nor "trial balloons" about lifting some of the trade sanctions when Iraq accepted two major provisions of the Security Council resolutions: the creation of permanent UN monitoring facilities in November 1993, and the unqualified recognition of Kuwait's borders and sovereignty. Sanctions have gone awry because the Council did not mix carrots (such as the partial lifting of sanctions as rewards) with sticks (keeping sanctions on the free flow of oil) in attempting to close down Iraq's weapons development.

If we acknowledge that elements of the sanctions policy have been both ineffective and inhumane, why not simply accept lifting the sanctions? First, it is Baghdad itself that has stifled the UN-sanctioned, humanitarian oil-for-food program from its inception in 1991, holding innocent Iraqis hostage as the world community continually tried to get medicine and food relief into the country. Second, there is

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the continued persecution of the Iraqi people by Saddam Hussein himself. United Nations human rights agencies have cited Baghdad as the world's leader in the "disappearing" of political opponents: more than sixteen thousand.

Thus, Saddam Hussein's actions do not inspire the confidence that, should sanctions be lifted, incoming resources and revenues would be used to restock hospitals, to eliminate malnutrition, etc. In fact, what sanctions protestors fail to acknowledge is the real possibility that with the cessation of sanctions the world might see not only malnourished and dying Iraqi children, but continuing human-rights abuses, and the further development of weapons of mass destruction.

A related claim for lifting the sanctions takes the form of a "moral equivalency" argument. This argument sees Iraq as the victim of a double standard, noting that Israel's nuclear weapons do not subject Israelis to similar recriminations, and pointing to weapons held by other powerful but unsanctioned states as indicative of Western inconsistency and a bias against Iraq. But such arguments fail to acknowledge that Iraq is the only nation in recent times whose leader has sworn to use prohibited weapons, has a demonstrated record of using them, and denies international access to the records and places that would support Iraq's claim that no such programs exist.

Sanction critics, then, do not acknowledge this important ethical argument: that the international community has a moral obligation to insure that Kurdish children, Saudi children, Israeli children, Unites States children, and Iraqis themselves not be gassed or poisoned by Hussein's weapons of mass destruction, and that this obligation is at least equal to the obligation to ensure life for Iraqi children. Without question, sanctions have been instrumental, although not singular, in attaining the major (and moral) goal of reducing Iraq's capacity to build and maintain an unchecked storehouse of prohibited weapons.

Those who claim that the Catholic "consistent life ethic" demands an end to sanctions often do not acknowledge the reality of Saddam's own perverse antilife ethic. It should not be difficult to consider the possibility that a leader who despises various other peoples to the point of waging aggressive war on them, might also use his own citizen-children as negotiating pawns to end sanctions, while maintaining the mechanisms he has set in place to build weapons of mass destruction.

Every steadfast effort to denuclearize the Middle East should be pursued. The same should hold for other weapons of mass destruction. But to be less vigilant at controlling these weapons in the tough cases like Iraq now because general disarmament is the more appropriate goal, costs the international community the moral leverage needed to motivate other, less aggressive producer states to voluntarily control their own weapons.

Still, a justification for the continuation of sanctions does not mean that their humanitarian impact must be accepted as an unintended consequence of furthering the moral good of controlling weapons of mass destruction. So too, demon-

strating that sanctions contribute significantly to the continuing humanitarian ordeal in Iraq does not mean that such hardship necessarily leads directly to large-scale death. Nor does it mean that the primary or sole responsibility for the crisis rests with Western governments and the UN Security Council.

The United States and its allies bear some responsibility because of their inability or unwillingness to ease sanctions in response to early Iraqi concessions. But the translation of the sanctions to death and devastation rests with choices made by the government of Iraq itself in allocating its limited resources. On one level, Baghdad's refusal to utilize the humanitarian safety net provided by the UN casts a long shadow of blame back on itself. For the government of Iraq has needlessly prolonged the crisis by obstructing UNSCOM's work. The recent refusal to permit inspections comes on the heels of UNSCOM's director indicating that if this round of inspections had gone smoothly, Iraq would soon meet conditions necessary to remove sanctions.

Despite the sanctions, Iraq has not been without financial resources. It has managed to earn annual export revenues of $700–800 million through a small, illicit, but lucrative oil trade via Turkey and Iran, and by limited oil sales through Jordan. As leakage from the oil embargo has increased over the years, Baghdad's revenues have risen. Some suggest that Iraq has profited by manipulating oil-futures markets. And it has also retained access to some of its overseas financial assets, and to equipment and resources looted from Kuwait.

Saddam Hussein could have used these limited but, nonetheless, significant resources to address the needs of his people. Instead, the Iraqi government marshaled its resources to construct dozens of "palaces," erect monuments to its own glorification, and attempt to rebuild its vast military appa-

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ratus (including efforts to smuggle military technology and circumvent restrictions on weapons of mass destruction). In addition, Baghdad undertook a massive civil engineering project, and a military campaign against the marsh Arabs of southern Iraq through 1994, rather than address the needs of the general population.

Iraq's responsibility is compounded by its refusal to participate fully in the implementation of the various Security Council proposals to supply food, medicine and relief supplies. That pattern began with Iraq's 1991-95 refusal to implement UN Resolutions 706 and 712. By April 1995, a more detailed oil-for-food program came into being through Resolution 986, which was later bolstered by Resolution 1111. From the start, Iraqi officials complained that the enlarged relief effort would lead to further UN intrusion into their country's affairs; they insisted that only a complete lifting of sanctions could adequately address the country's humanitarian and economic development needs. Recent reports from Baghdad indicate that even the limited success of relief efforts that has occurred may compromise the Iraqis' claim that the humanitarian crisis warrants a full lifting of sanctions.

One final point may be in order. During the debate about sanctions, the cavalier use of data by some religious and peace groups has been especially disconcerting. The original research sources that gave rise to exaggerated figures such as "1 million deaths due to sanctions" have printed adjustments and corrections, but these revised data have not been acknowledged by activists. Many have preferred to repeat highly inflated numbers. Simply stated: It is not true that 1 million Iraqis have died as a result of sanctions. The most probable numbers of excess deaths which might be attributed to sanctions for the period 1990–97 are about 500,000. The mortality rate for children under five has more than doubled the pre-1990 period, meaning that within that half-a-million figure, about 289,000 excess child deaths have occurred. In the first three years of sanctions, those fifty years and older died in higher percentages because of the absence of heart, kidney, and other medications, along with the lack of equipment replacements.

This is an unacceptable tragedy. A moral case against sanctions should be able to stand on the basis of ten thousand innocent deaths or even one thousand innocent deaths. What is essential is the truth, and in my view, nothing could be more insulting to the prayer and fasting of faithful people trying to eliminate devastating sanctions, nor as dehumanizing to Iraqis themselves, as consciously employing incorrect data because of a belief that higher casualty numbers might mobilize more people to work against sanctions.

The Iraqi sanctions debate raises profound issues about ethics and international policy. Our quandary can be summed up in two questions: How do we deal with evil leaders in an effective and humane manner? And how do we relieve the suffering of innocents that might result from actions taken against those leaders?

The impact of the sanctions may be either immoral or moral, but judgments regarding their effect on innocent people must be assessed clearly by examining the response of the sanctioned country's leader and in light of the international relief effort mobilized on behalf of the innocent. In the case of Iraq, the moral ground continues to rest with sanctions. □

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James D. Davidson

INTERFAITH MARRIAGE

Location, location, location

Compared to Catholics with same-faith spouses, Catholics in interfaith marriages are more likely to experience marital discord and divorce. They also are less likely to register in parishes, attend Mass, and pray privately. They are less likely to accept traditional beliefs (such as the Nicene Creed), agree with the church's sexual and reproductive norms, and comply with the church's social teachings. They are less likely to agree with canon law on matters such as the need to attend Mass and to limit ordination to celibate males.

It's no wonder that diocesan and parish leaders encourage Catholics to marry Catholics and to avoid interfaith marriage. They use religious education programs, youth ministry, and marriage preparation to explain how same-faith marriages contribute to marital stability, commitment to the church, and one's chances of passing the faith on to one's children.

Yet, interfaith marriages accounted for 30 percent of all marriages sanctioned by the Catholic church in 1997 (*Official Catholic Directory [OCD]*). Some dioceses, such as Brownsville, Texas (6 percent), Newark, New Jersey (16 percent), and Providence, Rhode Island (17 percent) are well below the national average. But others are far above it.The intermarriage rate is 43 percent in Portland, Oregon; 52 percent in Lafayette, Indiana; 69 percent in Knoxville, Tennessee; and 71 percent in Burlington, Vermont.

Why are intermarriage rates so low in some dioceses, and so high in others? The answer lies in social forces beyond the control of church leaders. Several years ago, sociologist Peter Blau showed that members of small groups have many opportunities to interact with members of large groups; members of large groups have relatively few opportunities to interact with members of small groups. Thus, all other things being equal (for example, the quality of parish-based

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	Catholics as percent of population	Interfaith marriage rate (percent)
By Dioceses		
	greater than 50	18
	40–49	19
	30–39	24
	20–29	33
	10–19	40
	less than 10	51
By States		
	greater than 30	24
	20–29	29
	10–19	39
	less than 10	54

catechetical programs), the likelihood of interfaith marriage increases as the percentage of Catholics decreases. Data from the *OCD* (1997) confirm Blau's thesis.

When Catholics comprise 50 percent or more of the total population in a geographical diocese, the interfaith marriage rate is only 18 percent (well below the national average of 30 percent). The dioceses of Brownsville, Texas (where Catholics are 81 percent of the population), and Newark, New Jersey (where they are 51 percent) are good examples.

In dioceses where Catholics are 40-49 percent of the population, the intermarriage rate is a bit higher, 19 percent. Four dioceses are typical: Fall River, Massachusetts (18 percent); Hartford, Connecticut (18 percent); New York (19 percent); and Chicago (20 percent).

When Catholics are 30-39 percent of the population, the intermarriage rate rises to 24 percent. Dioceses in this category include New Orleans (where the interfaith marriage rate is 23 percent); Trenton (24 percent); and Pittsburgh (30 percent).

As the percentage of Catholics shrinks to 20-29 percent, the intermarriage rate increases to 33 percent. The archdiocese of Milwaukee is typical: Catholics are 29 percent of the population; the intermarriage rate is 32 percent. Other dioceses include Oakland (27 percent), Manchester, New Hampshire (33 percent); and Gary, Indiana (37 percent).

When the Catholic population declines to 10-19 percent, the intermarriage rate jumps to 40 percent. The two Portlands illustrate this pattern. In Portland, Maine, where Catholics are 18 percent, the intermarriage rate is 36 percent. In Portland, Oregon, where Catholics are 10 percent, the rate is 43 percent. Catholics are most likely to marry non-Catholics in dioceses where Catholics are less than 10 percent of the population. In Biloxi, Catholics are only 9 percent of the population and the intermarriage rate is 52 percent. Lafayette, Indiana, with only 8 percent Catholics also has a rate of 52 percent.

State figures (*see* table above) also show that the fewer Catholics there are in a given area, the higher the interfaith marriage rate. Regional data show the same thing. In New England, where Catholics are 42 percent of the population, the intermarriage rate is only 23 percent. Catholics are 24 percent of the population in the Great Lakes region; the intermarriage rate is 33 percent. In the Northwest, where Catholics are only 10 percent of the population, the interfaith marriage rate is 45 percent. Catholics are only 4 percent in the Old South; the interfaith marriage rate is 53 percent. The only regional exception to Blau's thesis in the Southwest, where Catholics are 22 percent and the intermarriage rate is relatively low (22 percent). Racial and ethnic factors probably account for this exception.

Given the frequency of interfaith marriage and the greater likelihood of marital discord and divorce, church leaders should redouble their efforts to promote same-faith marriages. Church leaders in highly Catholic areas should take credit where credit is due, but they also need to appreciate the advantages of ministering in areas where there are so many Catholics. Finally, leaders in largely non-Catholic areas should not be discouraged from proclaiming the benefits of same-faith marriage; they just need to understand that population statistics will limit their success. □

James D. Davidson *is professor of sociology at Purdue University. He is co-author of* The Search for Common Ground *(Our Sunday Visitor, 1997), which recently received the 1998 Research Award from the National Conference on Catechetical Leadership.*

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THE REVOLUTIONARY EVENT OF VATICAN II

How everything changed

Andrew M. Greeley

There are two major tendencies in interpretation of Vatican Council II. The first, which currently dominates the Vatican, is that the council was an *occurrence*, a meeting of the bishops of the world who enacted certain reforms and clarified certain doctrines. This response and clarification were necessary but they did not drastically change the nature of the church. To find out what this occurrence meant—the "council rightly understood" of Cardinal Joseph Ratzinger—one must go to the conciliar documents. The second interpretation holds that the council was a momentous *event*, indeed one of the most dramatic and important events in the history of Catholicism, a structure-shattering event which one could almost call a revolution. This is the perspective which dominates a two-hour PBS special on the council, "Reflections on Vatican II," to be broadcast September 18.

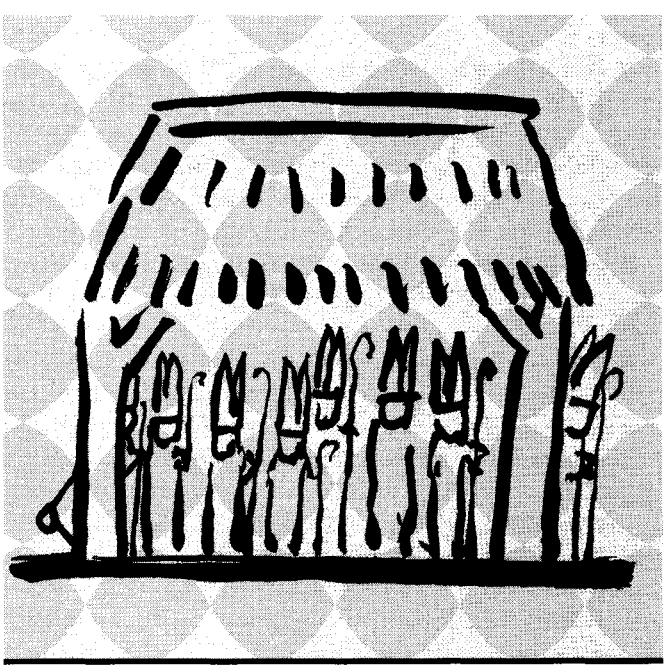
I began to ponder this debate after a conversation with a senior American prelate. He had remarked that the American bishops had made serious mistakes in their implementation of the council, but that they could not be blamed because they never had to implement a council before. I agreed, though I thought to myself I probably meant something different from what he did. While I can't be sure because we didn't pursue the subject, I thought he might have meant that they should have proceeded more slowly and cautiously, while I meant that they should not have tried to make so many changes in the church while asserting all along that nothing was changing.

Then I discovered in the work of my friend and colleague Professor William Sewell, Jr., a model of social historical analysis (*see, American Journal of Sociology*, July 1992). It made me rethink the council and what it did and didn't do. The council was, in fact, *both* an occurrence and an event. It is folly to pretend that the event did not occur or that it can be undone. To understand Catholicism today, one must recognize what has happened and work from there. I must note here that I wrote some time ago that with or without the council, the same changes would have occurred. Looking back on that statement, I must admit that it was not the most intelligent sentence I ever put on paper. No one knows what would have happened. But the fact is that there was a council (presumably in Catholic doctrine inspired by the Holy Spirit), and the church did go through enormous change. One must therefore strive to describe what happened.

A theory of structures and events

Let me give a brief account of Sewell's work and then apply it to Vatican II. Sewell, who has a joint appointment at the University of Chicago in both history and political science, is concerned with structures and events, patterns of behavior and historical shifts that drastically reshape those patterns. He does not believe in "social laws," inexorable historical processes that direct the progress of human events. He writes:

> Sociology's epic quest for social laws is illusory, whether the search is for timeless truths about all societies, ineluctable trends of more limited historical epochs, or inductively derived laws of certain classes of social phenomena. Social processes are inherently contingent, discontinuous, and open-ended.



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Sewell thus rejects the historical models of Weber, Durkheim, Marx, Comte, and all the others who find inexorable trends in human events, including implicitly those who babble today about postmodernism. His description of what actually happens in the "buzzing, blooming pluralism" of the human condition may seem like common sense, but it goes against what many sociologists and most pop sociologists believe. For the purposes of this essay it also goes against the vague intellectualism of many Catholic commentators who think they can discern the secrets of history and summarize them in a couple of clear and simple paragraphs.

"Adequate eventful accounts of social process will look more like well-made stories or narratives than like laws of physics," argues Sewell. He uses what Robert Merton calls "middle-range" theories to account for contingent phenomena so he can determine why contingent events have such important and sometimes momentous impact on the structures of human existence.

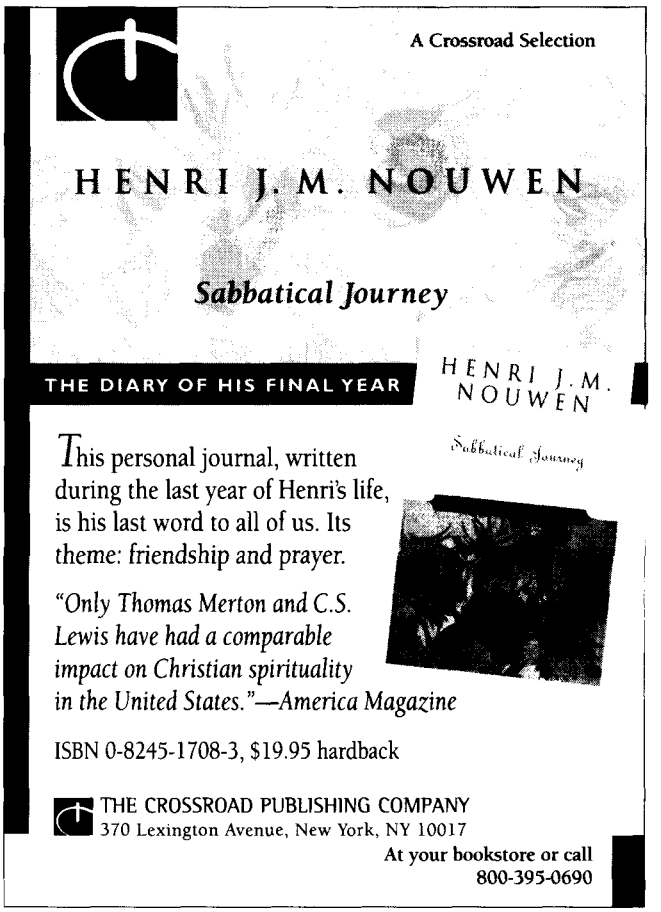
Sewell is also concerned with the "structures" of human behavior, that is, the *routine* patterns of human action. A structure, according to Sewell, is "the tendency of patterns of relationships to be reproduced even when actors engaging in the relations are unaware of the patterns or do not desire their reproduction." In contrast, an "event" is a series of historical occurrences that results in the durable transformation of structures. There are two dimensions of a structure, the *schema*—the pattern itself—and *resources*—the motivations and constraints that reinforce the schema and are in turn reinforced by it. Think of Catholics and the obligation of Sunday Mass. Sewell, who is not Catholic, gives this illustration:

> The priest's power to consecrate the host derives from schemas operating at two rather different levels. First, a priest's training has given him mastery of a wide range of explicit and implicit techniques of knowledge and self-control that enable him to perform satisfactorily as a priest. And second, he has been raised to the dignity of the priesthood by an ordination ceremony that, through the laying on of hands by a bishop, has mobilized the power of apostolic succession and thereby made him capable of an apparently miraculous feat—transforming bread and wine into the body and blood of Christ.

Established and reinforced behavior patterns tend to be stable and durable. However, they can also change, either because of external forces or internal inconsistencies within structures themselves. A wartime defeat and devastation can savage the structures of a people, though in fact in many Western European countries after 1945, it seemed that the patterned and reinforced relationships were all that remained. The "fit" between resources and schemas is not so tight that inconsistencies, uncertainties, doubts, and conflicts cannot arise, more so under some sets of circumstances than in others. Ruptures may then occur in behavior patterns and motivations—a basketball team swarms off a court to protest a defeat or a referee's decision that seems unfair. Such rupture events become historical events when they "touch off a chain of occurrences that durably transforms previous structures and practices."

To paraphrase and rearrange Sewell's argument, even the accumulation of incremental changes often results in a buildup of pressures and a dramatic crisis of existing practices, rather than a gradual transition from one state of affairs to another. Lumpiness, rather than smoothness, is the normal texture of historical temporality. And while the events are sometimes the culmination of processes long underway, they typically do more than simply carry out a rearrangement of practices made necessary by gradual and cumulative social change. Historical events tend to transform social relations in ways that could not be fully predicted from the gradual changes that may have made them possible. What makes historical events so important is that they reshape history by imparting an unforeseen direction to social development.

Events, then, should be conceived of as sequences of occurrences that result in the transformation(s) of structures. Such sequences begin with a rupture of some kind—that is, a surprising break with routine practice. But whatever the nature of the initial rupture, an occurrence becomes a historical event only when it touches off a chain of occurrences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that durably transform previous structures and practices.

A structure-shattering event

Sewell's example of such a structure-shattering event is the storming of the Bastille in July 1789. Paris was on the edge that summer. The crown had run out of money. The Estates General had convened and constituted itself as a National Assembly. King Louis dismissed the liberal minister Necker, surrounded Paris with troops, and seemed ready to suppress the National Assembly. Underlying the growing tensions between the king and his supporters and the Enlightenment-influenced National Assembly was a sharp division on the nature of sovereignty. Prospects for the harvest seemed poor. Pamphlets and newspapers were flooding Paris with incendiary articles. Mobs ransacked the city.

On the morning of July 14, representatives of this government and a mob went to the Hotel des Invalides to demand the arms that were stored there so that they could create a militia to defend the city against a possible attack by royal troops. They seized more than thirty thousand muskets and then moved to the Bastille to find gunpowder. After a bitter fight in which more than a hundred of the attackers were killed, they captured the fort, released the seven prisoners (forgers and madmen), killed two government officials, and paraded their heads around Paris on pikes.

There had been urban riots in Paris before, and the battle for the Bastille was not a militarily important one; but within three days the king had recalled Necker, removed the troops around Paris, and come to Paris to submit, in effect, to the wishes of the National Assembly.

At first the Assembly condemned the violence at the Bastille, and indeed all political violence. But within two weeks, Sewell writes, they had changed their mind:

> In the excitement, terror, and elation that characterized the taking of the Bastille, orators, journalists, and the crowd itself seized on the political theory of popular sovereignty to explain and justify the popular violence. This act of epoch-making cultural creativity occurred in a moment of ecstatic discovery: the taking of the Bastille, which had begun as an act of defense against the king's aggression, revealed itself in the days that followed as a concrete, unmediated, and sublime instance of the people expressing its sovereign will. What happened at the Bastille became the establishing act of revolution in the modern sense. By their action at the Bastille, the people were understood to have risen up, destroyed tyranny, and established liberty.

Within a month other structure-shattering events followed: the abolition of feudal exactions, provincial and municipal privileges, exclusive hunting rights, and tithes, and the confiscation and eventual sale of the vast properties of the church. The storming of the Bastille, now a culturally defined event, led to the utter transformation of the structures of French society in an outburst of exuberant creativity. The Old Regime would linger on at least until 1830 in one fashion or another. But the New Regime had in fact replaced it.

Would the political and social development of the then largest and most powerful country of Europe have been different if that event had not occurred? Did there have to be a revolution and then the bloody wars which lasted until 1815? Was the development on balance good or bad? Might a more peaceful evolutionary transformation of power have been less traumatic for France? There are many answers to such questions, and indeed the politics of France for two centuries have been, in part, a battle between those who accept the revolution and those who in some sense do not. But the important point in Sewell's analysis is that the storming of the Bastille, once interpreted as a revolutionary, momentous event, shattered and eventually replaced the social, political, and religious structures of France.

Vatican II

I now propose to apply Sewell's model to Vatican II, and to argue that while the council's various documents, either singly or taken together, are not of themselves the cause of the shattering of structures in the Catholic church, the council as (irrevocably) interpreted was, in addition to and beyond its decisions, a historical *event* of enormous importance for the church, perhaps the most momentous in its history.

I will consider three structures of twentieth-century Catholicism that shaped the Catholic institution: the centralization of power in the Vatican; the post-Tridentine understanding of sin; and the immutability of the church. Prior to Vatican II, it was assumed that decision making flowed downward, and that those who disagreed with the pope or any higher church leaders were no longer Catholic. It was further assumed that the primary goal for a good Catholic was the salvation of his or her soul, a goal that could be attained by avoiding sins or, once committed, by confessing them in species and number. It was finally assumed that the church could not change, had not changed, and would never change. These "schemas," reinforced by such "resources" as theories of the divine origin of the church and papal infallibility, set the parameters of Catholicism inside the world views of the Counter Reformation, the centralization of papal power at

...in the minds of most of the laity and the clergy and those who were not Catholic, Catholicism before Vatican II was in fact a centralized, immutable, and sin-obsessed heritage. Most of the bishops who attended the council came to Rome fully accepting those assumptions.

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Vatican I, and the condemnation of "Modernism" at the beginning of the twentieth century.

It might have been true that pluralistic decisions about power had been characteristic of the church for many centuries (for example, in the internal governance of some religious orders). It might have been true that in its long history the Catholic church had often changed (most recently on such issues as slavery and co-education). It might have been true that one ceased to be a Catholic not when one disagreed with the pope but only when one was excommunicated or joined another church or formally and explicitly renounced the faith. It might finally have been true that the central truth of Christianity was God's forgiving love which Christians were to imitate. Nonetheless, in the minds of most of the laity and the clergy and those who were not Catholic, Catholicism before Vatican II was in fact a centralized, immutable, and sin-obsessed heritage. Most of the bishops who attended the council came to Rome fully accepting those assumptions.

On the surface, the Catholic church in 1962 was not nearly as "edgy" as the populace of Paris in 1789. Yet Pope Pius XII, the predecessor of Pope John XXIII who would convene the council, had instigated changes during his long administration that might, in retrospect, seem seditious. He approved changes in the liturgy of Holy Week, the modern critical study of the Bible, and, in effect, birth control, by accepting the rhythm method. A new emphasis on the Mystical Body, the teaching that the laity, as well as the pope and the bishops, were in some fashion the church, suggested to small groups of laity that perhaps the church ought to listen to them. Scholars, digging into the liturgical, theological, and organizational history of the church, found a much more variegated Catholicism than the existing official structure of immutable centralization. Bishops, however conservative, did not like the heavy-handed behavior of the curial dicasteries. An increasingly well-educated Catholic laity was uneasy with the rigidity of the church. Married people found the birth control teaching difficult (a teaching which became a matter of heavy emphasis only after 1930). Parish priests were increasingly uneasy with the apparent insensitivity of the church to the problems of the laity, and the "Catholic Action" movements were producing cadres of well-informed, dedicated lay people. Finally, the disaster of World War II and the surprising rebirth of Europe following the war created an atmosphere in which many Catholics felt that some modifications in the church's various stances might be appropriate. None of these events, either separately or in combination, seemed then to have constituted a "prerevolutionary" situation. In retrospect, they can be seen as the raw material for drastic change; in Sewell's terms, the resources for new structures.

There were also signs of "slippage." By 1963, half of the Catholics in America did not think that birth control was always wrong, and studies showed that most American Catholic women practiced some kind of contraception before the end of their fertile years. Still, many, if not most, probably confessed their use of birth control. By 1974, how-

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The Battered Kettle

As I grow older
I begin to believe
everything is new under the sun.

Words, it is true,
fade on the page
that yellows in the window sill.

Rex McGuinn

ever, the proportion accepting the teaching had sunk to 12 percent, and most did not confess it. Moreover, the Catholic hierarchy in the United States was already bringing pressure on Rome to obtain some sort of relief for divorced and remarried Catholics, despite the official posture that the Catholic church could not change its teachings on marriage. Only in retrospect, however, do these issues suggest that there was serious ferment in Catholicism in the United States or anywhere else when John XXIII convened the council.

The council's preparatory commissions, dominated by the Roman curia, had prepared draft documents for the first session of the council which would have turned it into a rubber stamp for the then existing ecclesiastical structures. Most bishops, it would seem, were prepared to vote for them and go home, still able to tell their people what they (in the bishops' minds) wanted to hear: nothing had changed.

The occurrence which played a role something like the storming of the Bastille was the sudden opposition of two leaders of the Western European church, Cardinal Joseph Frings of Cologne and Cardinal Achille Liénart of Lille. Two elderly men with enormous personal prestige who had suffered through the war, they demanded that the preparatory documents be scrapped and that the council fathers themselves shape the documents on which they would vote. The pope agreed. It was clear then to at least some of the bishops that it would be their council, not the Roman curia's. The bishops, it turned out, had power in practice as well as in theory. The Vatican bureaucracy could be defied. There was indeed a pluralism of power in the Catholic church.

This was a dangerous truth, as subsequent events would demonstrate. Very few Catholics, lay or clerical, realized what had happened. As the council went on, the bishops, by overwhelming votes, endorsed a broad range of changes in the church. Joseph Komonchak has noted three overarching changes: The council proposed a far more nuanced evaluation of the modern world; it introduced the necessity of updating and reform into the church; and it called for greater responsibility in the local churches. The press reported, with increasing fascination and exuberance, the alteration of the unalterable.

Five critical changes

I further note five crucial changes that transformed the structures of the preconciliar church:

- *The Liturgy.* On Septuagesima Sunday 1965, almost every altar in a Catholic church in the United States was turned around. For the first time in at least a thousand years, the priest said Mass facing the congregation; and it was said partially (soon totally) in English. If the Latin liturgy could be abandoned that easily (and seven-eighths of American Catholics approved of the change) after more than a millennium, the Catholic church could certainly change.
- *Ecumenism.* The council was now willing to admit that Protestant denominations were indeed churches and that Catholics should strive for mutual understanding with them in friendly dialogue. The heretics, schismatics, Jews, and infidels down the street were now suddenly separated brothers and sisters. Overnight, Catholicism was willing to change when it wanted to.
- *Meat on Friday.* This change resulted from a decision of the American bishops. It may have been the most unnecessary and the most devastating. Fish on Friday had been a symbol that most visibly distinguished Catholic Americans from other Americans.

Bishops continued to insist that nothing had *really* changed. None of these reforms touched on the essence of Catholic doctrine. But such distinctions were lost on the laity (and on many of the clergy, too). The immutable had mutated. What would change next?

The centralization of authority was not yet in jeopardy, however. Change did not in itself mean that ordinary priests or lay persons could make their own decisions about the conditions on which they would be Catholic. Yet implicit in the newly discovered mutability of the church (and in the bishops' revolt against the curia) was the notion that, if something *ought* to be changed and it *would* be changed eventually, then it was all right to anticipate such decisions and change on one's own authority. The gradual drift in this direction in the late 1960s put the centralized authority structure in grave jeopardy.

Could the bishops have been more cautious in implementing the council? Was the prelate I quoted above correct about the bishops' mistakes? They might have left Friday abstinence alone, but liturgical reform and ecumenism by themselves would have created a heady atmosphere in which the expectation of more change would have swept the church. Two other developments, however, called the authority structure of the church into question.

- *Birth Control.* This is the story of how an attempt to preserve the authority structure of the church in fact weakened and eventually came close to destroying it. There was strong sentiment among the bishops at the council to address the question, but Pope Paul VI, not trusting his fellow bishops

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with the issue, removed it from conciliar debate. Still, he had a special commission to report to him on the subject, the existence of which became common knowledge. Laity and clergy alike assumed that if change were possible, it would occur, especially after learning that the commission had recommended change almost unanimously.

When the pope turned down the recommendations, the "lower orders" of the church had already made up their minds. In terms of protecting the authority structure of the church, it would have been better for the pope never to have established his commission, to have followed its recommendation, or to have left the whole matter alone. In the confusion, disappointment, and anger that followed Paul VI's *Humanae vitae* (1968), laity and clergy embraced the principle of "follow your own conscience." It was this development, more than any other, that shattered the authority structure. It is often argued that priests and lay people cannot make such decisions for themselves. Perhaps they cannot, but in fact they do. It is further argued that they cannot be good Catholics if they make such decisions, but in fact they think they can. This is what happens when a historical event shatters a behavior pattern and the resources that supported it.

In the late 1960s and early 1970s, every age segment in Catholic America changed its convictions about the legitimacy of birth control, and, more ominously, about the *right* of the church to lay down rules for sexual behavior. Authority was no longer centralized; it had become pluralistic. Similarly, acceptance of papal infallibility fell to 22 percent of Catholics in the United States. Catholic laity, with the support of the lower clergy, had decided that it was not wrong to be Catholic on their own terms. Such was the fruit of Vatican II, not as a series of documents, but as a phenomenon that transformed the behavior patterns of Catholics with regard to their church. Catholics who decided that contraception was not wrong justified that decision by appealing from a pope who did not understand to a God who did. The point is not whether such a justification was proper, but that it helped to erode the "sin concern" structure of preconciliar Catholicism.

- *Priests and nuns.* Another critical change in the structure of the preconciliar church was the dispensation of priests to leave the priesthood and enter ecclesiastically valid marriages, often with former nuns. The development confirmed not only the possibility of change, but the willingness of church authorities to back down at least partially in the face of pressure.

In effect, the "lower orders" asked the following questions: If the church could permit men who had left the priesthood to marry, why could it not permit them to marry while still active in the priesthood? If it could change the playing field on liturgy, ecumenism, and Friday abstinence, why not on birth control and the role of women in the church?

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If so many "mortal" sins were no longer sinful, was it necessary to worry so much about sin? There are complex theological replies to these questions, but they don't seem credible to many Catholics who conclude, unfairly perhaps, that the church can change whatever it wants, if only it wants to.

Historical events tend to transform social relations in ways that could not be fully predicted from the gradual changes that may have made them possible. What makes historical events so important is that they reshape history by imparting an unforeseen direction to social development.

Currently, a large majority of both priests and lay people reject the church's official teachings on the ordination of women, birth control, premarital sex, *in utero* and *in vitro* fertilization, oral sex, and the legality of abortion under some circumstances. There is also strong movement in the direction of tolerance for homosexuality. Moreover, media surveys indicate that the laity believe that they can "disagree" with the pope on these issues and remain good Catholics. Central authority has lost its credibility (and on social issues like immigration, too). Thus the vigorous efforts of John Paul II to impose his teaching on the ordination of women seem to have had little effect on the attitudes of either lower clergy or laity. The structures of assent, the patterns of motivation and behavior which would have worked smoothly forty years ago in response to such papal rulings, are simply no longer available. Catholics believe that the church can change and that they can disregard the pope when it comes to making decisions, especially about sex and gender. Many American Catholics diminish whatever dissonance they may feel by cheering the pope when he comes to this country while ignoring what he says.

On the other hand, defection from the church has not increased in the United States—among non-Latinos, it remains at 11 percent for every birth cohort in this century. Moreover, Catholic acceptance of such central truths as the existence of God, the divinity of Jesus, the resurrection of the dead, and the presence of Jesus in the Eucharist (however explained) has not changed. The majority of American Catholics still attend the Eucharist at least once a month and there has been no decline in attendance across birth cohorts since the middle 1970s.

Summing up

Is a restoration possible? At one time many bishops hoped that the new *Catechism* would instruct Catholics on what they had to believe and do and that this would lead to a restoration. Such a hope was patently naïve. The twenty years of the present papal administration have been devoted to the centralization of authority and resistance to further change. All the evidence suggests that these efforts have had little impact. The old structures no longer exist and new ones are in place. Thirty-five years after Vatican II, thirty of them devoted unsuccessfully to restoration, the elimination of the structures which emerged from that historic event seems most improbable.

What is the content of the new structures, the resources for the new schemas, to use Sewell's term? A recent research project on Catholic identity (*see*, "A Faith Loosely Held," *Commonweal*, July 17) indicates that Catholics under thirty are less likely to emphasize authority and sin and more likely to emphasize the presence of Christ in the sacraments, the Real Presence, concern for the poor, and devotion to Mary the mother of God, a thoroughly Catholic identity if very different from the preconciliar identity.

Can Catholicism live with these new structures? Should it? To the first question it must be said that it has often in the past lived with very similar structures, indeed for much of its history. To the second I must reply that that is beyond my skills as a sociologist to judge. However, the new structures are not likely to go away. Purely from the viewpoint of a sociologist, I would suggest that perhaps the time ahead might well be a period of reconsideration and readjustment to what has become the reality of the structures of contemporary Catholicism.

Did Vatican II, considered as a historic event, destroy the church? Did the French Revolution destroy France? If the question is rephrased to mean did the council destroy some of the major structures of the preconciliar church, the answer must be that it did. Whether that be good or bad or a mixture of good and bad, readers must judge for themselves.

Could the American bishops, if they were more adroit, more credible as pastors, and possessed better theological resources and media skills, have directed the process more wisely? Perhaps, but in the long run, it probably would not have made much difference. It is self-deceiving to argue that there is nothing in the actual documents of Vatican II to legitimate the collapse of the old structures. For the documents themselves—those on liturgy, Scripture, religious freedom, the modern world, other faiths and the Jews, ecumenism—contributed substantially to the weakening of preexisting structures.

Reflecting again on my discussion with the senior prelate, I conclude that after the interventions by Cardinals Frings and Liénart at the council and their acceptance by John XXIII, there was no way to prevent Vatican II from becoming a revolutionary event. Sociology, to repeat, has no means of measuring whether what the cardinals proposed was wise and well-intentioned, or whether the consequences are, in the main, to be welcomed or condemned. Speaking not from within any academic discipline, but simply as a Catholic, I believe the Spirit was at work within the council on that day, and remains on call. □

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LIKE A ROLLING STONE

A troubadour finds his voice

Bill McGarvey

What do I do? And why do I do it? The first question is easy to answer—I write songs, make records and perform, and hope that there will be someone out there who wants to listen. The answer to the second question is much more difficult to articulate. It is a question I've asked myself for years.

In trying to get a grip on the why, my mind travels back to my earliest memories of what could broadly be construed as episodes in my life of "culture challenging faith." Travel with me to Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. It's spring 1977; I'll be the one wearing the Evel Knievel iron-on T-shirt.

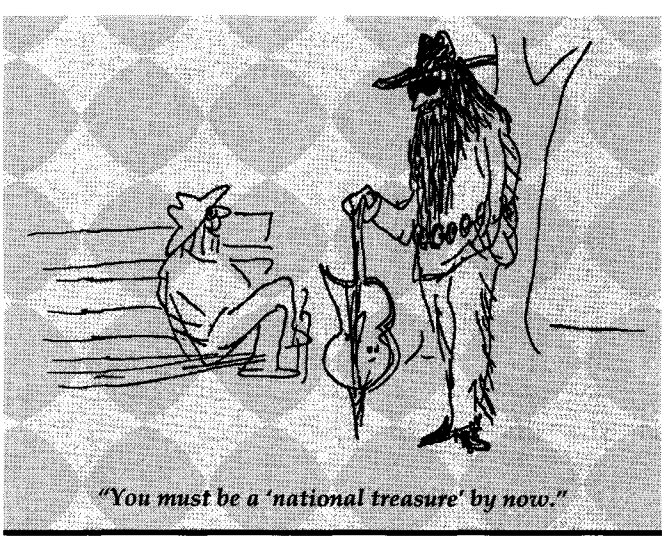
I was a twelve-year-old whose life was pretty well dominated by CYO basketball—I played on my grade school's JV squad, practiced constantly in neighborhood driveways, and idolized Julius Erving of the Philadelphia 76ers. Around this time, a movie was released called *One on One*, the story of a young basketball player during his first year at a big-time college basketball program. Of course, there were other subplots involved—a love story and temptations about money and cheating—but the only thing I was interested in was that this was a movie with a lot of basketball. As a kid convinced that I would eventually have to give up my amateur playing status to turn pro, I was obsessed and had to see this movie.

The Archdiocese of Philadelphia's weekly newspaper, ominously titled the *Catholic Standard and Times*, loomed large in my family's history. (In fact, I believe there were more discussions around the McGarvey household regarding the *Standard* than there were about any other publication to which we subscribed, including the *Philadelphia Inquirer*, *Time*, and *Newsweek*.) The paper, whose tone pretty accurately reflected the conservative nature of the archdiocese, published a column, "Viewers Guide to the Movies" that rated all current movies under the categories: "Adults and Children," "Adults," "Adults with Reservations" (which I never could quite understand), and, of course, the mother of all ratings, "Condemned" (reserved for *Rosemary's Baby* and *Caligula*).

My parents posted this guide every week in the kitchen for my four sisters and me to inspect. *One on One* was rated "Adults with Reservations," and my parents weren't about to let me see it. So every week, I waited impatiently to see the new rating, hoping that my movie's category would change to something less scandalous. (Of course, at age twelve, I didn't understand why, after a couple of months, the paper stopped publishing a rating for *One on One*. It never dawned on me that other movies had been released and replaced it at the theater, and I'd missed my chance to see it altogether.)

Silly as that may now seem, and as poorly as it might reflect on a very boring and uneventful childhood, this vivid experience clued me in on the fact that my family somehow wanted to remain separate from the world: There was something out there and we didn't want to have any part of it.

Move forward a few years: It is now the first day of my sophomore high school English class. The most notoriously eccentric teacher in my not-very-notorious Jesuit high school walks into class—a beret on his head and a pipe in his mouth—and without a word, writes these words on the blackboard: "When you ain't got nothin' You got nothin' to lose." In the bottom right-hand corner of the board he wrote the author's name, Bob Dylan. With a few strokes of a piece of ordinary chalk, my chubby, 5' 4" English teacher blows me away. In a room filled with other young men, like me, being groomed to become distinguished Catholic doctors, lawyers, and businessmen, those words feel dangerous and radical to me.



"You must be a 'national treasure' by now."

Bill McGarvey *is the singer and co-songwriter for the band Valentine Smith whose third album,* Escape to Houdini's Grave, *was released in July. This article is based on a talk given at the National Center for the Laity's conference, "Challenges Facing Christians in the Twenty-First Century" in January 1998.*

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More important than the danger I feel (though most certainly connected to it), is just how *utterly* true those words seem. When I finally hear the actual song, "Like a Rolling Stone," I am captivated by the powerful honesty of the singer's voice.

Around the same time, an aunt of mine began to suspect that I was becoming a heretic under the influence of the Jesuits. She was a very hard-line conservative Catholic, and would make it a point at family get-togethers to bait me with provocative questions about the church and my opinions on various doctrines and practices. We'd endlessly debate the role of the church hierarchy and dogma, until I eventually became so worn out that I would start to deflect her taunts by spouting off completely unrelated lyrics from favorite songs. I eventually refined this tactic to the point that, in typically sadistic, adolescent fashion, I would start dropping these quotes, like bombs, just to try and unsettle her. It worked. She eventually decided that I was hell-bound and out of my mind. She gave up on me.

I came from a setting where it was entirely possible to grow up without knowing anyone who wasn't Catholic, where there was a not-so-subtle judgmentalism and self-righteousness based on our faith, and where the spiritual was recognized only in the most explicitly religious terms. All this seemed to me to breed a fairly cheap, clichéd piety. What was masquerading as faith was anemic and shallow, and ultimately, felt to me more like fear.

The music that began increasingly to occupy my interest seemed to make the faith I had been taught appear small, defensive, and claustrophobic. The artists who affected me—Bob Dylan, Elvis Costello, the Clash, Bruce Springsteen among others—were vital compared to the faith I experienced. At their best, these artists were pilgrims completely alive to the world, people who wouldn't be caught dead parroting hack pieties. In my mind, this was true discipleship.

Later, as an adult, I realized that it was through these artists that I caught some refracted ray of truth. At the time, being a person who felt and thought a great deal but was unable to articulate it, it was as if all the talk, all the tired debating, and all the arguing were over. They had been silenced by a universal human truth these artists touched on in their songs. For me, it was enough just to shut up, listen, and soak it all in.

It took a long time before I could connect this to anything specifically religious. I now realize that although I was Catholic by training and practice, my first felt religious experience was through music. Something had torn the curtain that separated the inside in which I had been taught to live from the outside that was dangerous and sinful. Without realizing it, I desperately needed my world to become bigger. I wanted to recognize the transcendent meaning in the least obvious places, to see it in the ordinary world we are part of from the moment we are born.

My Jesuit friends insist that this approach is a form of Ignatian spirituality. I can't disagree with them because the Jesuits I met in high school had a profound impact on my life. They weren't churchy, or smug, or happy to live in their own Catholic ghetto. They were men in the real world trying to find God and his goodness all around them, not trying to remove themselves from creation, but trying to enter into deeper communion with God's love through the world. If the faith I was taught were true, it ought to be able to be in the world, without being crushed by it. To put it simply, I no longer wanted to live in fear.

I now see my desire not to be afraid as a sort of faith in itself, and that my desire to unite my faith and my work was a large step for me. But it did not mean, nor does it mean now, that the integration of these two is in any way complete. The process hasn't been easy.

For a long time, I was what you might call a closet Catholic among my musician and artist friends. If I wasn't sure how the two fit together, I could be pretty certain that an iconoclastic group of artists wouldn't understand it either. I was frightened that they would see in it a form of blindness to the world, whereas I felt that my faith liberated me to see the world more clearly.

Sad as their misperception might be, I firmly believe that it exists because of our own failures. In the last seventy-five years, Catholics in this country have moved into the mainstream of American life. We have produced many doctors, lawyers, and leaders in business. But: So what?

As a group, we Catholics are well educated, but we have a poverty of imagination that runs wide and deep. We are unable to live creatively, to see meaning and transcendence in what isn't obvious and explicit. As a result, the mystery of the world around us, and the lives we are leading in it, never deepen. To paraphrase T.S. Eliot, we had the experience but missed the meaning. And that is our loss. It's as if the world is in a crisis of meaning and we as Christians are only able to offer it a superficial explanation of the status quo, cute anecdotes about the nuns who taught us in grade school, or sappy sentimentality about growing up Catholic.

Perhaps our faith is that of a child. While our minds are adept in boardrooms, operating rooms, and courtrooms, hearts and imaginations are still sitting in the ancient, carved-up, varnished-to-death desks of our fourth-grade classrooms. To my mind, the inside/outside paradigm we unconsciously set up in our lives has no basis in the gospel message of absolute love. It has no place in a faith that proclaims that God became human and got the dust of this earth in his sandals. There can be no separation of the inside and outside in a world where experience always closes in on us and teaches us anew.

And to underscore how firmly I've found this to be true, I offer this final episode from my own experience. With the advent of cable TV in the early 1980s and countless hours of unsupervised television viewing, I must have seen *One on One* at least fifty times. I can assure you, the only thing that scandalized me was that there was way too much talk and far too little basketball. □

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BRING BACK THE ETHNIC PARISH

A model that worked

Kevin Codd

"Why can't we all just get along?" Rodney King's plea during the Los Angeles riots was endearing, but naïve. Sometimes there are forces at work in our collective soul—long-term injustices, generations-old fears, and deeply felt angers—that keep people from just getting along. As it is in our big cities, so, often enough, it is in our parishes. That parishes are "church" communities does not free them from having to contend with the social forces at work in the nitty-gritty realities of society. All pastors and most parishioners know that parish communities are subject to all the human failings, injustices, and even violence (though more subtle), of the society around them.

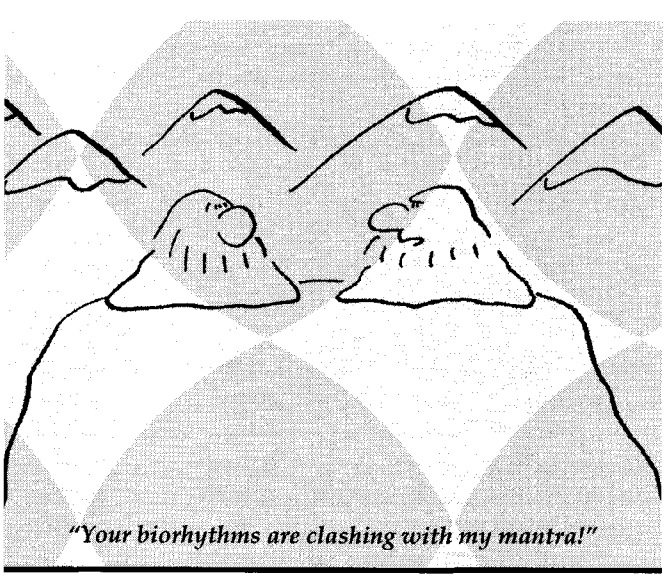
"Why can't we all just get along?" is heard in parishes whenever the gears of Christian fellowship lose their grease. Whenever there is a fight in a parish, the "Cry of Rodney King" goes up. It doesn't matter if the issue is a church renovation gone haywire, a pastor who too liberally offends, or (dare we say it aloud?), a parish fighting over race or ethnicity. For a good number of parishes find themselves caught up in a tug-of-war over ethnic, cultural, and linguistic differences among their members. Sometimes the war is fought openly in full-blown, take-no-prisoners battle, but more often it is fought subtly, strategically, and with plenty of plausible deniability.

A typical scenario might go like this: A long-established parish has a capable and dedicated cadre of people that over the years has built the place, invested in its infrastructure, and warmly worn the varnish off its pews. They feel ownership. Quietly, though, the demographics around them are changing. They themselves are not only aging, but their children and grandchildren have moved on, and other folks are moving in. They too are predominantly Catholic, but of some other race, language, or culture. The social equilibrium is maintained for a number of years; those in control stay in control and the newcomers are welcomed, but on limited terms. Gradually the newcomers become the numerical majority. Eventually a new pastor or parish administrator arrives who acknowledges the new social reality of the parish and uses whatever skills he has available to welcome the immigrants more warmly and offer them the full services of the church. Some of the old-timers understand and accept the newly developing order, but resentment builds among most of the former majority who, though still dominant, are now the minority. Somewhere along the line, the war begins, not so much between the established parishioners and the newly arrived parishioners as between the old order and the pastor, along with those who defend the new direction he has taken the parish.

One of the battle-lines is the parish facility: the dominant minority controls access to the hall, the gym, and even the church building; rules are set in place for use of the plant that effectively cut out the newcomers.

Other struggles often occur over the Mass. In an effort to "bring us all together," bilingual liturgies are planned for special feast days. They are fun and interesting for all concerned—up to a point. After a time or two, the line counters begin their work. Their job is to monitor how much of the Mass is said or sung or prayed in "our" language, and how much is in "theirs." If there should be a social gathering afterwards, the room divides fairly cleanly down linguistic lines. Different styles of child-rearing place stress on the cultural sensibilities of each group. Attendance of the once dominant group at such events drops off as that of the immigrant group increases.

And finally there is the money. The families who built the parish over the years and sacrificed to keep it running are still the ones giving the lion's share of the parish income. The immigrant group is still dropping little more than loose



"Your biorhythms are clashing with my mantra!"

The Reverend Kevin Codd *is a priest of the Diocese of Spokane and pastor of Immaculate Conception Church in Oroville, Washington.*

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change into the Sunday basket. It is not long before at some meeting someone will echo the sentiment so pointedly expressed in Ronald Reagan's line about the Panama Canal: "We built it, we paid for it, it's ours!"

Sooner or later, the parish finds itself in one of those parochial nightmares where the old-timers are fiercely trying to keep control from slipping through their fingers while the defenders of the newcomers valiantly make the case for a new dispensation in the life of the parish. The immigrants themselves are troubled and embarrassed at the fight going on around them.

After some years of relatively public brawling, people tire and a sort of détente sets in; the various parties take their unequal share of the marbles and go back to their corners. The parish limps into the future with the old-timers and the newcomers going their separate and unequal ways, though the pretense of a single parish is maintained. The parish works, sort of. Occasional skirmishes erupt but are quickly subdued so as not to disrupt the illusion of a "church" free of such unchurch-like realities as race or ethnic-based strife.

Any renewed effort to redress the still unequal balance of "ownership" is met by extraordinary pressure to maintain the stasis already achieved by wearily imploring, "Let's all just get along."

So why can't we all just get along? Who is to blame? Who's the bad guy in this story of a parish caught in a trap from which it can't escape? It would be easy to pick on the old-timers as power-hungry racists. But who can blame them for feeling threatened by people they do not understand, people with whom they have little in common, and indeed people who are quickly changing the character of the parish that has been their religious home for decades? No one ever trained them to be cross-cultural missionaries in their own land. Until this new turn of demographic events, their sense of ownership had been seen as an expression of commitment and fidelity to the church itself.

The immigrants can't be blamed either. They never plotted any hostile takeover of someone else's spiritual home. If they were to remain Catholic in a strange land, there was nowhere else for them to go.

And don't blame the pastors who presided, more or less, competently over the various stages of this rending of parochial peace. There were no other options. They had to walk a tightrope while wondering with not a little anguish what it means to "pastor" two such diverse families under one parochial roof.

This is not an imaginary scenario. It is, in fact, what is happening in many parishes in the United States today. The number that have had to adapt themselves to an influx of Hispanic or other immigrant groups is substantial, and few dioceses have been left untouched over the past thirty years. In most of these parishes, there has been minimal success in integrating immigrant populations with existing ones. What is sad is the large number of American parishes now caught up in their own parochial versions of racial strife; this need not have been.

In many, if not most, U.S. dioceses, a consensus developed among diocesan leadership that ethnic parishes were almost always a bad thing. The conventional wisdom developed that such parishes ghettoize immigrant groups, separate Catholics from one another, and are contrary to the communal nature of the church. Probably no formal decision was made in most cases, but standard diocesan policy became one of integrating new immigrant communities into existing parishes. There have been few new parishes for the new arrivals. People of different cultural and linguistic, not to mention racial, backgrounds were expected to fold neatly into pre-existing parishes with different traditions, social expectations, and even gut-level understandings of Catholicism itself. It was believed that with time, patience, and a modicum of Christian charity, the pastoral needs of all could be met. The immigrants would soon learn English, adopt American customs, and come to live their religion the way the rest of us do. There would be no need for substantial structural change in our parishes or dioceses; there would be no fundamental need for us to change for their sake. Above all, there would be no need for ethnic parishes and all the presumed ill effects they would bring.

It hasn't worked out that way. The folding of the new into the old for the good of all has resulted in many cases of fractured parishes. And most serious of all, in too many dioceses there has been a hidden abdication of the local church's mission to minister evangelically, pastorally, and strategically to immigrants. The consequences have eroded the "Catholicity" of the new immigrant communities. Father Andrew Greeley's studies indicate that 20 percent of Hispanics raised Catholic are no longer so (*see*, *America*, September 27, 1997). How much has the bias toward integrating Hispanic Catholics into existing Anglo parishes been a factor in this demographic disaster?

Few preexisting parishes, and few parish pastors, have ever been equipped structurally, financially, or pastorally to minister effectively in bicultural or multicultural situations. Cultural and racial gaps widen rather than shrink as naïve hopes for "bridge building" become strained beyond repair. Like a car limping home after a mechanical failure on the road, ministry, outreach, and real evangelization are carried out at a minimal, "just get along" level. Masses are celebrated, confessions are heard, some Bible study or Renew groups might be formed, perhaps a Cursillo or Lenten mission happens, but little more.

This unhappy state has come about for at least two reasons: First, our parishes have been victims of a naïve belief on the part of church leaders that the sociological forces roiling inside a local community are of little concern, since the church's professed commitment to love and justice immunizes it to the kinds of social stresses that affect the larger society. As those who have ministered in bicultural parishes know, just under

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the surface the reality is far more unpleasant.

Second, parishes have suffered under the well-intentioned but ecclesially deficient view that the parish is the local church. In fact, the development of the parish structure over the centuries has been successful as an evangelical tool precisely because of its flexibility in the face of new social realities. But it is not the parish that the church has traditionally seen as the locus for "catholicity." Rather, the parish is a practical structure for meeting peoples' specific pastoral needs while the "catholicity" of the church pertains to the local church as diocese under the pastoral care of its bishop. The pastoral wisdom of the church has recognized that communities of the faithful brought together by common cultures, nationalities, or languages may best be served by parishes of their own rather than by integration into pre-existing, geographically based parishes. Even the Revised Code of Canon Law of 1983 incorporates this pastoral instinct in canon 518. The unity of the church neither demands nor expects that parishes be the place where we all just get along. That's the diocese's job.

There is a better way to meet the pastoral needs of both established parishioners and newly arriving Catholics with other languages, cultures, and ways of being Catholic. The concept of the ethnic parish served the American church extremely well for over a hundred years; there is no ecclesial reason why it couldn't be taken out of our pastoral closet once again, polished up a bit with necessary adaptations, and put back to work as the American church strives once again to meet the massive pastoral challenges presented by large new immigrant communities. There are in fact many very good reasons why the ethnic or language-based parish should be allowed an opportunity to serve our church again.

The hemorrhaging of the church among immigrant communities that Father Greeley reports in his studies is one sobering sign of how ineffective our one-parish-fits-all ministry has been to new immigrant communities. They do not find a spiritual home in our Anglo-American parishes. Too many of our pastors and pastoral ministers do not understand either the languages or the cultures they are asked to serve, making it impossible for them to preach, heal, or sanctify effectively. Financial resources for pastoral outreach are limited because they are already dedicated to other parish programs or to parochial schools that too often are only minimally accessible to the new immigrant communities. The newly arrived have not felt welcomed or invited to take ownership of their church in their new land.

Given their own parishes and provided at least one pastoral agent reasonably fluent in their own language and culture, these new immigrant communities could flourish instead of languish. As ownership developed, financial commitment would increase. Immigrant parishioners would no longer feel like visitors trespassing on someone else's turf, but could live their faith, pass on their traditions, and even adapt to the new culture surrounding them on their own terms and at their own speed. Pastoral planning and execution could proceed on their terms and according to their sensitivities and expectations, not according to those of the dominant group. It would not be perfect; no parish ever is. But it would be better, significantly better, than what our bicultural parishes have been trying to do over the past twenty or thirty years.

Each time the notion of ethnic parishes is broached in any sort of public forum of either clergy or laity, jaws drop, eyes widen, and looks of astonishment at such a retrograde idea cross the faces of many. "I thought the church was in the business of bringing people together, not separating them!" "We tried ethnic parishes in this country once; we don't need to make that mistake again!" "If we all just ate each other's foods and learned how to say 'hello' in each other's language, and just loved each other more then we wouldn't have any of these problems!"

Such sentiments are sincere, but naïve and not pastorally helpful. Our modern American sense of "getting along" is keeping our church from ministering effectively to immigrant populations. Our misguided ecclesiology of parish as the locus of all that is church is preventing us from allowing others to bloom evangelically in their own right. Our subtle but always present presumption that they need to do it our way, on our terms, according to our schedule is drilling holes in Peter's barque in the United States as it sails into the next century. It is time to trust, respect, and love our new Catholics by giving them their own parishes, as our grandparents were given theirs. □

FELLOWSHIPS AT THE CENTER FOR THE STUDY OF VALUES IN PUBLIC LIFE
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The Center for the Study of Values in Public Life at Harvard Divinity School invites applications from scholars and practitioners to be in residence for one semester or one academic year. Fellows will pursue research projects that recognize religious beliefs and practices as important elements in the current debate about civil society and the renewal of public life; participate in an interdisciplinary seminar involving senior scholars and practitioners; and convene a student working group around a central issue in one's area of expertise. Participants receive a stipend of $40,000 for a full-year Fellowship (or $20,000 for a one-semester Fellowship); home institutions are expected to provide additional support, plus all benefits. Deadline date for receipt of applications is **December 18, 1998.** *To receive an application cover sheet, please contact:* The Center for the Study of Values in Public Life, Harvard Divinity School, 45 Francis Avenue, Cambridge, MA 02138 (*telephone:* 617-496-3586; *fax:* 617-496-3668; *e-mail:* csvpl@hds.harvard.edu).

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WITH TEARS THAT HEAL

Giving thanks at the end of life

Donald Moore

Terminally ill patients in Oregon have begun to exercise their option for physician-assisted suicide. Pressure mounts to make this same option available in other states. The church continues to argue vigorously in defense of the sacredness of life. Yet one aspect of this defense is rarely heard: a terminal illness within the family need not be viewed only in negative terms. Such an illness might also be considered a blessing.

Several months ago I received a phone call from a couple whom I've known for many years. Martina Grady Parauda called to tell me that a doctor had informed her husband, Joe, that he had inoperable liver cancer. The diagnosis confirmed their worst fears; for several months Joe had been extremely tired and his appetite had sharply declined. Not long afterwards I was able to meet with them in their New York City apartment.

The diagnosis had been a shattering blow, but Joe was able to reconcile himself with the reality of his situation. The doctors told him that he could probably count on four to six months. He was not in much physical pain, simply annoyed by the weakness and fatigue and loss of appetite. His was a strong faith, and he prayed often. "But when I pray," he added, somewhat questioningly, "the only thing that comes through to me is 'God loves you.'" This was a gracious sign of events to come.

We prayed together for healing and understanding, for strength and patience, and for maintaining a sense of humor which had always been so much a part of our friendship. Finally, we prayed that this terminal cancer might somehow become a blessing for Joe and Martina, for their two daughters and six sons and their grandchildren, a blessing for all of us. They responded positively to the suggestion of celebrating the Eucharist together with all the family, and we determined that we should do it while Joe would still be able to participate fully.

Keeping in touch on a regular basis over the following months, we set a date for the family Mass. When I arrived at their home, most of the family had already gathered. The mood was serious, somber, yet somewhat festive. Joe was seated in a comfortable chair, his legs wrapped in a blanket.

Their son, Tom, gave Joe a note of regret from his wife who was at home with a sick child. As he read her words quietly, Joe stopped several times to wipe tears from his eyes. On this somber note we began our preparations for the liturgy, reminding ourselves why we had come together: to worship God, to thank God for giving us so much, and to celebrate life, in particular the gift and blessing of Joe's life. It was a life that was drawing to a close, a gift and blessing that was almost complete.

During the shared homily each of the family had the opportunity to mention a particular aspect of that blessing which Joe had represented for them all. For some it was an occasion to tell Joe, perhaps for the first time, how much they loved him, how much he had given them. "We've never done this as a family—to express our emotional ties, to speak of our love for one another, to tell Dad how much we love him. Dad, I just want to tell you how much you mean to me; I don't think I've ever said this before." Another son added: "I think that more than anything we're lucky that even this occasion can be a celebration. Dad was kind of like the ground we walked on. Most of what happened in this family was never centered around you, Dad, and yet most of it was impossible without you." Others concluded along sim-

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ilar lines: "I hope Dad gets well, but whatever time we have with him, I know I'll appreciate it more and more. I love you, Dad."

Then Joe made his own response. He spoke simply about his early years and the importance of the faith and religion in which his life was so firmly rooted. He recalled how fortunate he was that every major step in his life had gone so well, above all his marriage and his family. Each of his children "was a continuing gift, the kids have been wonderful, and so supportive now. I'm proud of all of you." And he spoke with gratitude of his life's work, the law firm with which he had been associated for over thirty-five years, the relationships his work had brought into his life, and the friendships that had been his since his undergraduate days at Fordham University. "What's happening to me now forces me to go back and think of many things. I'm not bitter. I have been gifted all along. If this is what's going to happen, I've adjusted. Believe me, I wish it didn't happen to me. I wish I could pass it off, but that isn't the way it is. You've got to accept what's given to you. I don't know what the hereafter is like, and I'm not rushing to find out, but I am very grateful. This could have happened twenty years ago, and it would have been so much harder. I have no regrets. I'm so thankful for this wonderful family, for my daughters-in-law and son-in-law, for all my friends. These have been the best years, so much better than I could have expected. I'm grateful to all."

In the midst of this interchange with all its pain, its humor, its serenity, the family bonds that Joe and Martina had nourished for nearly forty years of married life were clearly evident. Here was the quintessence of what Vatican II called "the domestic church." The family constitutes within the confines of the home a specific ecclesial reality. John Paul II recently referred to this ecclesial dimension of the family as "a decisive pillar of the church's pastoral work." The recent Synod of Bishops for the Americas refers to the family as a place "where one learns to love God and neighbor." If the strength and vitality of the universal church depends on the strength and vitality of the domestic church, then here in this unique family gathering was one rousing affirmation of the health of the church universal. And now this family, this domestic church, was gathered to show their love and support for their dying father.

After Communion we had an anointing for Joe and a laying on of hands, a traditional symbol of healing meant not only for Joe but for all of us, that our own lives might be healed and turned more deeply to God. The whole family participated in laying their hands on Joe, a gesture that easily led to a tearful embrace, each one expressing to Joe all that he had meant to them personally and as a family, and promising to be with him until the end.

The liturgical celebration was followed by a relaxing and festive dinner. I sat with Joe, and he insisted that I read the

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note sent by his daughter-in-law, Christine. I hesitated, but it was something Joe wanted to share. With her opening, "Dearest Dad," she conveyed so simply her love, her gratitude, her admiration, and then concluded: "Personally, you have always welcomed me and made me a part of the family. I have loved sharing in this family. And, although I know that the children will be at a loss for not knowing you personally, you will forever be a part of their lives. I am sad knowing how we will miss you, how the children will miss so much, and how many get-togethers will be so difficult, but again we have been *very blessed*. I don't feel I have the right to feel overwhelmingly sad. I really do rejoice in knowing you. I love you, Dad. And I thank you for having me as part of your family—your legacy will live on." When I finished reading, I understood the reasons for Joe's earlier tears. Shortly thereafter we said our good-byes.

Martina later told me: "The kids said they were exhausted from crying, but they're so grateful for the opportunity the Mass gave them." This liturgy proved to be a deeply meaningful celebration of the church and family, of the Christian mystery of dying and rising, and also a vehicle for expressing sorrow and joy, impending loss and deep faith. Father and family had grieved together. Martina noticed a marked change in Joe after this family liturgy—a sense of fulfillment, of peace, a willingness to let go. Within two weeks he died quietly at home, with Martina at his side. The gratitude and support expressed at this family liturgy clearly helped Joe to move in the direction of that complete self-surrender which is Christian death.

A terminal illness may indeed be a blessing. One way to manifest this blessing is by gathering the "domestic church" to celebrate and prepare for...the final passage from family on earth to family in the Communion of Saints.

Most of us fail to acknowledge that as a family we should approach dying as we approach birthing. Death is as much a family event as is birth. We don't hesitate to talk about someone expecting a new baby, but we find it ever so difficult to talk about (or to) someone who is expecting to die. This reticence easily feeds the fears of those who cry out for physician-assisted suicide.

A terminal illness may indeed be a blessing. One way to manifest this blessing is by the type of liturgy celebrated in the Parauda family: by gathering the "domestic church" to celebrate and prepare for dying in the family, for the final passage from family on earth to family in the Communion of Saints. □

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Richard Alleva

A BRUTAL MASTERPIECE

'Saving Private Ryan'

If you've read anything at all about *Saving Private Ryan*, you've read about its violence. Yes, it is appalling. But most screen violence nowadays is appalling, and if Steven Spielberg's depiction of the carnage of Omaha Beach and of subsequent battles and skirmishes during the week following D-Day offered nothing more than shock through verisimilitude, there would be little reason to discuss it. After all, do we really need to be told once again that war is hell? Haven't hundreds of movies from *The Big Parade* to *Platoon* all told us the same thing by administering large or small doses of fabricated battlefield horror? What could Spielberg do except spend a few million more, ratchet up the special effects, set off a bigger bang?

But there was something more for him to do and he has done it. In the opening sequence of the Normandy landing, from the point of view of the protagonist, Captain John Miller, we see and hear not just the obliteration of hundreds of lives, not just the tearing of flesh and eruption of fluids, the screams of pain and whimpering for mother, the unleashing of sadism by expediency and the abrasion of dignity by squalor, but an awfulness above and beyond the isolated horrors: the evaporation of meaning within the furnace of war. Captain Miller, good soldier that he is, presses on but we feel what he feels: consequence is leaking out of the universe.

Nothing seems to work. In vain does A try to give birth to B. Disembarking soldiers are dragged under water by the very gear that is supposed to empower them; some are drowned, some are stilled by bullets whizzing through water as ineluctably as through air. On the beach, a soldier walks around looking for his severed arm, finds it, picks, it up, wanders off. A clump of Germans surrenders; one is gunned down, the rest are spared. Why? Another pair surrenders, both are killed, their murderers crack moronic jokes over the bodies. After frenzied effort, a medic stops a soldier's bleeding; at once a bullet pings right through the soldier's helmet and, in humane fury, the medic rips off the bandages and hurls them away, probably feeling that he would like to hurl them in the face of God. Nearby, a bullet bounces harmlessly off another helmet and its owner takes it off to stare at it in dumbfounded gratitude; a bullet crashes into his skull. After a while, one begins to feel dread each time the camera singles out a young man's face because, in this sequence, a close-up is a harbinger of death.

Spielberg must have realized that no single method of filmmaking could encompass such horror. He shot some of it in documentary fashion with nervously jiggling cameras, but other moments are captured in fluid slow motion with the sound switched off so that Miller seems to be bogged down in a nightmare from which he can't awake. Though much of the battle is viewed from inside the captain's head, Spielberg often shifts to other parts of the battlefield, even to the viewpoint of the enemy, so that we can understand why the American troops are trapped in a particular area and can't move. This alternation of simulated *cinema verité* with grisly lyricism, subjectivity with omniscience, captures the diapason of horror. And Michael Kahn's virtuosic editing holds it all together.

Finally, the nests of German gunners are taken out and the Allied troops can move forward. But after such horror, what follows? What drama can possibly unfold in such a meaningless world?

The rest of the movie is the answer. A mission Miller is assigned to lead, the search for a Private Ryan whose three brothers have all been killed, has been initiated by General George C. Marshall for the sake of Ryan's mother. The audience knows the charity and essential sanity of the quest, for we have seen the moment when Marshall makes his decision not on impulse or for the sake of public relations but out of deeply founded compassion. (And the actor who plays Marshall, Harve Presnell, makes him every inch the Zeus you want a great general to be.) Furthermore, we have also been present when Ryan's mother receives the news of her family's near-total destruction, so we want her to have her only remaining hope fulfilled.

But back in Normandy, Miller and

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the other men on the patrol, desperate for a bit of respite, can't see the mission as anything but nonsense. Why should they risk their lives for one man when so many have died on the beaches? And the patrol itself seems to lead them deeper into absurdity. Even compassion brings on absurdity, as in the scene in which a soldier's pity for a French family in a bombed-out building nearly gets a little girl killed while Miller's apparent indifference saves her. A still won't give birth to B.

But mankind cannot bear very much absurdity. By the time the patrol locates Private Ryan, his continued survival has become not just an assignment to them but a gauntlet flung in the face of chaos. And if Ryan, unable to digest the shock of his brothers' deaths, selects not to go home but to stay with his company at a bridge that a German panzer unit must not be allowed to cross, so be it! They will stay with him. These dogfaces have become grungy Sisyphuses.

Indestructible humanity masked by indifference is the keynote of Miller's character. Since he's a man constitutionally less able to bear the horrors of combat than anybody else in his patrol (except for his translator, an intellectual radically out of place), and yet is expected to show the most fortitude, he must maintain an unfissured façade of stoicism. Amazingly, the bluff pretty much works and gives Miller breathing space enough to recover his wits in tight situations. Yet a palsy has taken hold of the captain's right hand and won't go away. (His men see it and, in embarrassment and dread, avoid mentioning it.) This quivering is war itself, coursing through his body and destroying him from within. But it is also an index of his humanity. If the rest of him were to commence shaking, he would soon be a useless wreck. But if the hand were to stop shaking, he would be a true creature of war, that is, a monster. Miller keeps marching, searching, commanding, killing, sparing, rescuing, trembling. He remains a civilized human being at war.

He is also the one fully realized, three-dimensional character in the film, for let it be admitted that most of the others seem based on the types usually found

sharing patrols in Hollywood war pictures. There is the Tough Sergeant, the Wise Guy Malcontent (last done by Denzel Washington in *Glory*), the Four-Eyed Intellectual, the Hillbilly Sharpshooter now bagging Germans instead of possums. But all these are so superbly acted and supplied with such lively dialogue by Robert Rodat that I wasn't aware of the schematicism until I saw this movie a second time.

The character of Miller works on a higher level because scenarist and director have employed a more daring strategy in creating him. While the characteristics of the others are revealed at once, Miller, an unalterably private man, remains fairly opaque throughout the movie, sharing just a glimpse of his civilian past with his men, and even then only as a maneuver to distract them during a particularly explosive situation. In fact, Miller would be completely mysterious if it weren't for the effortless way Tom Hanks draws us close to him and siphons his thoughts and feelings to us. Hanks brings all sorts of emotions close to the surface and then blocks them before they become too apparent. For that is what this great performance is—a series of stifled outbursts within a man who cannot afford to feel too much.

Spielberg's skills are at their zenith here—not just his oft-celebrated talent as an action director (the panzer tanks project the same thudding menace as *Jurassic* dinosaurs), but also his less remarked-upon ability to control tone and to modulate from one emotional key to another. One example: In the scene in which two soldiers, German and American, battle each other for control of a knife (the only weapon at hand), the fury of the hand-to-hand combat gives way for just a few seconds of queasy black comedy as the German, trying to distract his opponent, starts babbling to him in German. But, as the knife sinks slowly into the dying American, pity and horror grip the viewer and that instant of black comedy evaporates, leaving not the slightest suggestion of sadism to curdle the viewer's reaction. Throughout the film, Jamusz Kaminski's photography certifies and amplifies everything Spielberg struggles to achieve. Kaminski often deliberately lowers the audience's expectation of natural beauty by desaturating colors; consequently, wherever color is momentarily allowed back onto the screen, even so banal a sight as cows grazing on greenery under an overcast morning sky leaps up to comfort the viewer just as it may comfort the emotionally battered soldiers.

Saving Private Ryan is a great movie, but I don't necessarily recommend it to you because I don't know who you are. Masterpieces aren't for everyone, nor are they right for all seasons and moods. W.H. Auden said they should be reserved for "high holidays of the spirit." This film might inaugurate a universal Yom Kippur. It almost physically assaults the viewer for much of its length, yet its conclusion doesn't leave you spiritually jangled or raddled. Before the fade-out, an old man, fifty years after Normandy, contemplates the graves of the men who fought beside him and on his behalf. He turns to his spouse: "Tell me I've led a good life." He wants to be worthy of the sacrifice of the dead. But what kind of life must one lead to deserve such a sacrifice? What kind of life should any of us be leading in view of the sacrifices made by our fathers and grandfathers? A creative life? A spectacularly virtuous one? A merely peaceful one? The graphically portrayed suffering we have just witnessed forbids any quick answers but injects the question right into your soul. □

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Frank McConnell

DOCUMENTING A REVOLUTION

'Reflections on Vatican II'

Near the end of the two-hour documentary, "Reflections on Vatican II"—which airs on PBS on September 18 and which is splendid—George Weigel, the former president of the Ethics and Public Policy Center in D.C., observes that "Vatican II was arguably the most important religious event in the twentieth century."

Triumphantly and sadly, he couldn't be more right.

"Reflections on Vatican II" is, first of all, maybe the sharpest, most serious documentary about religion ever done on TV, a grand example of what the medium can accomplish if you just let brilliant folks like Producer/Director Mark Birnbaum and Executive Producer Sherry Revord have their way. And their way is to talk seriously about serious things.

Pope John XXIII announced his intention to summon a council in 1959. Vatican II—2,500 bishops and assorted *periti* (theologians, mavens, apparatchiks)—opened in 1962 and began, to everyone's surprise, to redefine what it meant to be a Catholic—which meant, and no imperialism here, what it meant to be a Christian. It was my freshman/sophomore year at Notre Dame, and I can still remember the exhilaration of it all: it wasn't, it seemed, all about scapulars, incense, and Latin, but rather about engagement with the world, about the faith as a constant habit of attention toward Christian history, about not being *in* the church, but rather *being* the church.

That, at any rate, is my own, admittedly idiosyncratic view of what the council was all about. Others will quarrel, and others should, for what "Reflections" makes wonderfully clear is that the council matters so much not for its official pronouncements—epochal as some of them were—as for its spirit. And "spirit," with a big or a little "S"—check out Joachim of Fiore—is a famously exciting but ambiguous thing.

A lot of discussion, in fact, by veterans of the council, is directed toward what the "Spirit of Vatican II" really was—is?—and, trenchantly, whether or not the present pontiff, for all his good intentions, has betrayed it. (Conservative Catholics will not really like this show very much.) Certainly, the sixteen documents ultimately issued by the council all pointed toward a vastly more open, you-can-*breathe*-here church. The priest now faced the congregation as he said Mass, and the Mass was now said in the vernacular. Such simple, sensible things: But nobody born after the council can imagine how astonishingly fine those changes felt to us. The church officially condemned anti-Semitism: better late, I guess, than never. And it came as close as it could to admitting that the romantic individualism of Luther, Calvin & Co. was actually *not* the devil's music. And the church declared that the role of the laity was equally important with that of the priesthood. And; and; and....

The catch-phrase during Vatican II, the first Italian I learned, was *aggiornamento*, which literally means something like "modernization" or "bringing up-to-date." Psychically, though, the concept of *aggiornamento* carried the same liberating force that, twenty-five years later, the word *perestroika* would, in another authoritarian context.

And over both words, hearts and sometime heads were broken. "Reflections" makes it clear that, among other things, Vatican II's liberalism generated the not inconsiderable Catholic conservative movement: a movement of which John Paul II seems heartily to approve. And it's to the show's great credit that it treats the conservatives, even the reactionary Archbishop LeFebvre, with dignity.

But the main thrust of "Reflections" is simply, joyously, to celebrate this gorgeously unlooked-for event and its enduring, endearing aftermath. There's one phrase you hear again and again from

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The War

For a time and times and half
a time the woman
was given wings
to fly from the wilderness
be nourished for a time
clothed with the sun the
woman was
warm at night, the moon
under her feet a
neon of stars
gleaming on her head

When the flood that poured
after the woman to
sweep her away
had failed
every tribe and people and tongue
and nation
grew with the blood
of her mortal wounds
that healed

and now those that live forever
and ever who create
wormwood and what is in it
noise and what is in it
listen to the seven
thunders and what is
sounded in them
They wrap us in clouds
rainbows over our heads

The Red Bow in a Cloud on the Day of Rain

Having fallen
The wind having fallen
I saw a cloud fall silently
Having bronze and fire
Having four shapes
Each having wings having
Calves' feet
Having the face of a man in front
Lion on right, ox on left
Eagle in back
I saw a wheel
In a wheel beside them
When they turned
The wheels had spokes
Had rims full of eyes
Wings covered their bodies
Wings like the sound of water

A figure shone above the wings
The crystal figure
With loins gleaming bronze
And I lay on my left side
Forty days
For the sins of my house
And I baked bread on cattle dung
And I shaved my head
Burning a third of my hair in the city
Striking a third with a sword
Scattering a third in the wind
Watching fathers eat sons
Sons eat fathers
And later watching my palsied hands
Unwrap themselves from terror

John Davis

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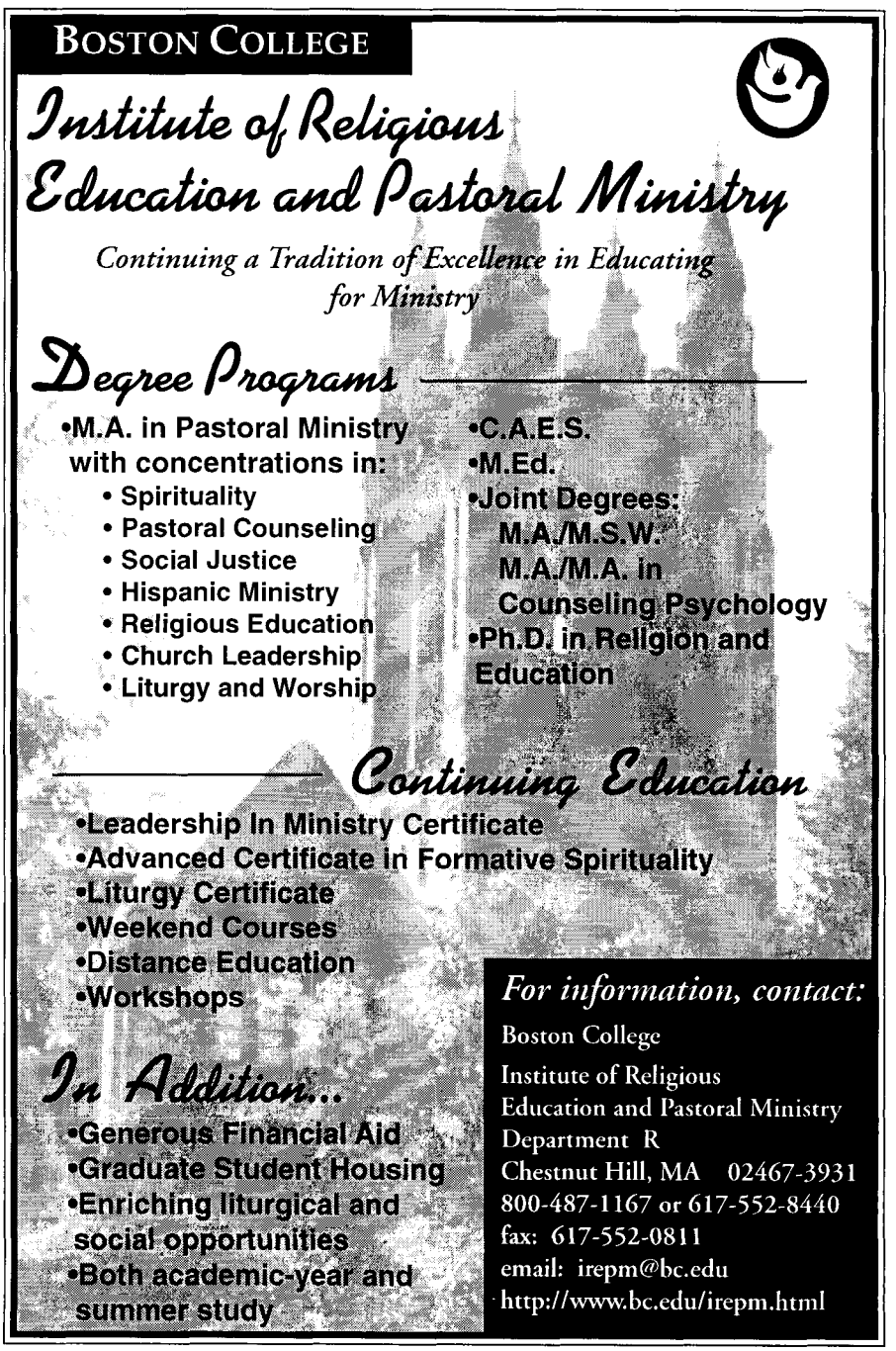
the interviewees, until it becomes almost a mantra. "If it weren't for Vatican II...," the speaker begins. And depending upon who the speaker is, it turns out that if it weren't for Vatican II women would not feel as authenticated (pfui on the word "empowered") in the church; the liturgy would not range gloriously from plainsong to rap; the church would not be as deeply involved as it is in the cause of the wretched of the earth; we would not be as tantalizingly close as we are to a spiritual *rapprochement* with the entire community—heavy on the "entire"—of those who wish to love God and serve one another. "Without Vatican II," as one of the speakers sums it up, "God help us all."

And I can't disagree with that. If I'm a Catholic today—and some would dispute that—it's because my faith *and* my doubt were formed by the council. I mentioned Joachim of Fiore earlier, and not by chance. Joachim, early in the twelfth century, argued that after the age of the Father (the Old Testament) and the age of the Son (the New Testament), we were now entering the age of the Spirit, when the true freedom of God would establish itself on earth. Loony/gnostic, you bet: but also a major impetus for the explosion of the Franciscan spirit that, during the thirteenth century, revived and transformed Christianity.

Now the makers of "Reflections" never suggest a connection between the *aggiornamento* of the twelfth century and that of Vatican II. I, however, find the analogy inescapable. The show establishes, if nothing else, that John XXIII was, as one of the speakers says, the best pope we've ever had, period. His generous spirit—big *and* little "S"—informed all the deliberations of the council, even though he died only a year after it convened, to be replaced by the rather more dour, and cautious Paul VI. (It was Paul, the show reminds us, who took the question of birth control out of the hands of the council—the bishops probably would have relaxed the rules—thereby perpetuating one of the truly silly controversies in modern Catholicism.) The show portrays John's predecessor, Pius XII, as arrogant, austere, and coldly silent about the Holocaust. John's successors have not really lived up to his visionary standard. But the papacy, after all, is essentially a bureaucratic gig: and how often do you come across a prophetic bureaucrat?

John XXIII was one, at any rate. And like Saint Francis of Assisi he made being Catholic both more fun and more dangerous. The "revolution" of Vatican II was, of course—as all revolutions—a failed one: Women still can't be ordained, the clergy are still in the driver's seat, and blah, blah, blah. But, thirty years after the fact, and under the dispensation of an essentially repressive pope, the church—the real church, the one midwifed by the council—goes on, doing good and ill, quarreling with itself, and speaking, in Karl Rahner's marvelous phrase, into "the endless desert of God's silence."

That is what John XXIII and the makers of Vatican II did for us. Its value cannot be overestimated. And I could not imagine a better, more articulate testament to its value than this very, very fine documentary. □



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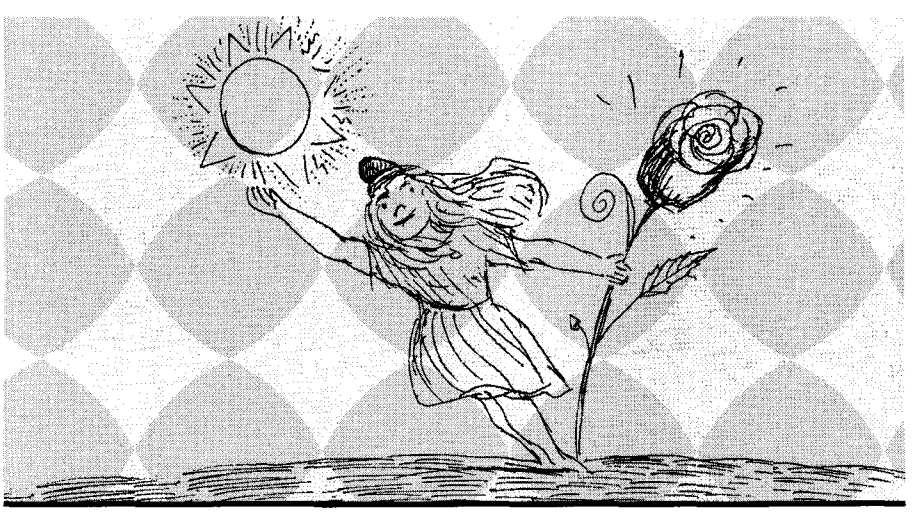
Victoria's secret

Other Powers
The Age of Suffrage, Spiritualism, and the Scandalous Victoria Woodhull
Barbara Goldsmith
Alfred A. Knopf, $30, 512 pp.

Suzanne Keen

Readers interested in absorbing a portrait of an age through the agreeable medium of a group biography will relish this book. The fascinating as well as "scandalous" Victoria Claflin Woodhull is the link among a cast of nineteenth-century Americans that includes the preacher Henry Ward Beecher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Elizabeth Cady Stanton, Susan B. Anthony, Horace Greeley, and Commodore Vanderbilt. When I picked up *Other Powers*, I had never heard of Woodhull, who was born in 1838 to poverty, obscurity, and abuse, but managed to collect a fistful of firsts before retiring from the public eye: She was the first woman to address the United States Congress, the first woman broker on Wall Street, and the first woman to run for president (against Ulysses S. Grant). The ex-slave and influential activist Frederick Douglass, whose name has retained its evocative power a century later, filled out Woodhull's slate as her vice-presidential candidate. The implicit question of precedence posed by the Woodhull/ Douglass ticket animates one of the many stories told so compellingly here, the post-Civil War struggle to extend the franchise. Who would get the vote first, women or black men? Why did it have to be one group or the other? And why did women end up waiting well into the twentieth century for the franchise they demanded at the Seneca Falls Convention in 1848?

That this story of rival factions struggling for the vote would be complicated by the widespread belief in spiritualism provides one of the fascinating surprises of *Other Powers*. Though church and state may have been separate (more or less) from the start in the United States, occult practices and references have been present enough in politics to allow conspiracy theories about Freemasons, for instance, to bubble up repeatedly. The vulnerability of an open society to cranks, faddists, and cults (of course Roman Catholics have been included on this list) would therefore seem to make it imperative that those entering the political mainstream avoid strange beliefs and aberrant behavior. Knowing relatively little about it, I would have assumed that women seeking access to power would have kept the mesmerism, the mediums, the table-rappings, and the otherworldly visitors to the late Victorian parlor behind the drawing-room curtain. Why invite charges of irrationality and unfitness for the franchise? Goldsmith shows that, to the contrary, spiritualism and the fight for women's suffrage were intimately connected and even advertised. Unlike the mortifying revelation that Nancy Reagan consulted astrologers, Victoria Woodhull's clairvoyance and skills as a magnetic healer were prominent items on her résumé, part of her appeal as a public speaker, newspaper proprietor, investment counselor, and advocate of women's rights.



Goldsmith persuasively argues that spiritualism seemed significantly less wacky in the post-Civil War years. Americans were still coming to terms with the hundreds of thousands of husbands and sons lost in the war as well as confronting new forces beyond their comprehension, such as long-distance communication by Morse code. Why wouldn't believers and the bereaved be able to tap into the unbroken chain of communication between themselves and the Infinite? More important, Goldsmith explains how influential advocates of women's rights, such as Elizabeth Cady Stanton, could combine beliefs in suffrage and spiritualism. Spiritualism, by enabling Woodhull to call on advisers such as Demosthenes, Napoleon, and Josephine, empowered women to speak and to defy the proscriptions that otherwise governed their behavior:

Spiritualism and woman's rights

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drew from the same well: Both were responses to the control, subjugation, and repression of women by church and state. Both believed in universal suffrage—the equality of all human beings. For women—sheltered, repressed, powerless—the line between divine inspiration, the courage of one's convictions, and spirit guidance became blurred. Not all woman's-rights advocates became spiritualists, but spiritualism embraced woman's rights.

If spiritualism was part of the mainstream of the women's-rights movement, then it cannot (in itself) be the source of the scandal that made Victoria Woodhull notorious. Doubtless Victoria's part in her con-artist father's deceptions and frauds made her talents seem more opportunistic than inspired. But while Goldsmith's description of a discredited way of thinking contributes a novelistic evocation of a vanished and alien time, her account of the scandal that ruined Woodhull seems completely recognizable as a modern tale of libel suits, character assassination, loss of fortune, and mudslinging, all hinging on the challenge to the *status quo* posed by "free love."

Woodhull, an avowed free-lover, precipitated her own downfall by publishing articles revealing the adulterous liaison of Henry Ward Beecher, one of America's most prominent ministers, with his parishioner Lib Tilton, who was herself a wronged wife. Woodhull's beef with Beecher lay in his hypocritical refusal to endorse free love from the pulpit, though he practiced it behind the scenes. This part of Goldsmith's story is vividly realized: I wanted to shake the feeble Lib Tilton and smack both her husband and her lover. Woodhull herself evokes a more complex response: She is audacious, impolitic, noisy, self-deceiving, and seemingly bent on self-destruction. She can be exasperating, admirable, and pitiable all at once: The reader knows that she was once a prostitute and waits for the revelation of this fact to seal her fate.

Though Woodhull collected quite a batch of antagonists in her life, Beecher was the most powerful. His charismat-

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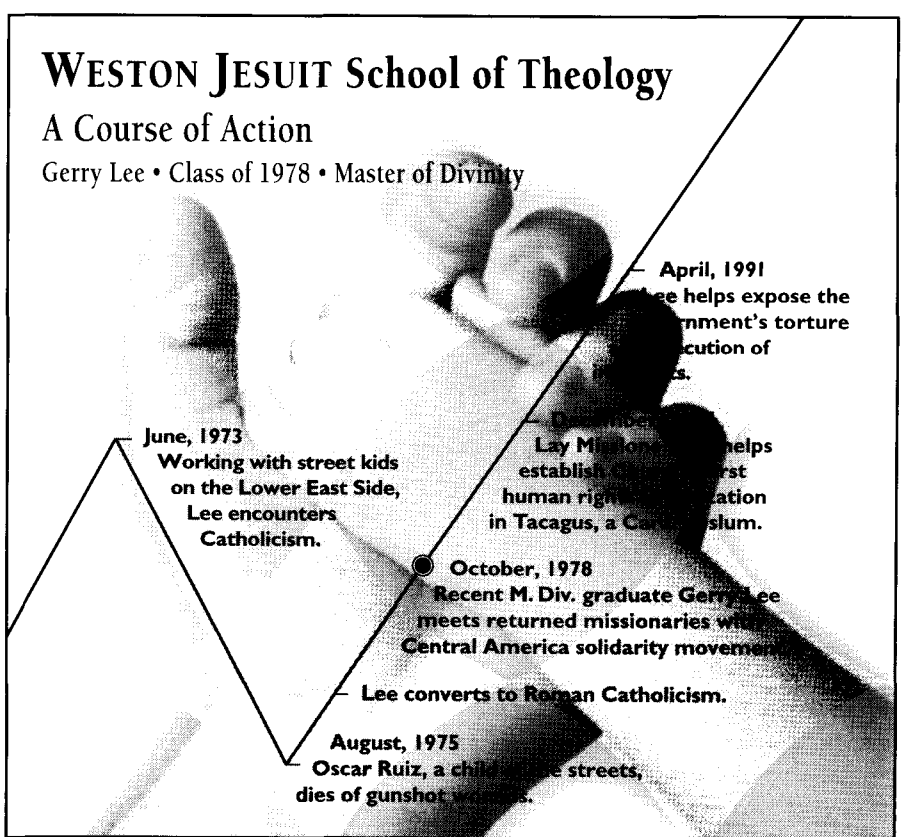
April, 1991
June, 1973
Working with street kids on the Lower East Side, Lee encounters Catholicism.
October, 1978
Lee converts to Roman Catholicism.
August, 1975

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ic orations made his Plymouth Church in Brooklyn hugely popular and prosperous; entranced female parishioners surrounded him, and power-broking men cut lucrative real-estate deals that hinged on Beecher's support. Goldsmith depicts Beecher as manipulative, self-regarding, and thoroughly repulsive, though she duly records his immense popularity. Ultimately, the sex scandal brought down Woodhull, as society closed ranks around its adored preacher. If there is one failing in this superb book, it lies in the lack of insight into how such a creep as Beecher could seduce practically everyone *but* Victoria Woodhull. □

Suzanne Keen, *a longtime* Commonweal *contributor, teaches English literature at Washington and Lee University in Lexington, Virginia.*

IT'S A BIG CHURCH

Why I am Still a Catholic
Edited by Kevin and Marilyn Ryan
Riverhead Books, $13, 322 pp.

Enormous Prayers
A Journey into the Priesthood
Thomas Kunkel
Westview, $25, 208 pp.

Michael O. Garvey

When Thomas Merton remarked that it takes all kinds to make a world religion, he may have had in mind exactly the sort of full-throated and polyphonous chorus of voices which issues from these two books. Kunkel and the Ryans have provided reassurance that the song of the great church is still able to subsume and even exalt the worst whining, howling, croaking, and caterwauling. And God knows there is plenty of all that on offer here.

The Ryans have selected "twenty-five storytellers from among the famous, the near-famous, and the soon-to-be famous" to demonstrate the validity of their conviction "that one can be a success, can do good work in the world and still be a vital Catholic." The sort of reader who responds cynically to such claims may derive a certain furtive amusement from the pedestrian remarks of NBC reporter Maria Shriver; Maryland's lieutenant governor, Kathleen Kennedy Townsend; Boston Celtic color commentator Bob Cousy; former treasury secretary William Simon; and Indy 500 champion Mario Andretti, among others.

In presenting expressions of Catholic faith solely from "accomplished Americans," this anthology provides an opportunity to marvel anew at the prophetic wisdom of Pope Leo XIII's denunciation of the "phantom heresy," Americanism. It also tends to justify Pope John Paul II's restraint in celebrating the vaunted "vibrancy" of the Catholic church in this country. Admitting that the Americanist controversy is slightly more complicated than that, if Catholicism truly did require as priggish a witness as most of these ascendant Americans are inclined to recommend, I doubt that Jesus would enlist, let alone Karol Wojtyla.

But the very gates of hell can't prevail against our church, and the pomposity which pervades the Ryans' collection is relieved by several pieces which, to borrow a phrase from one of them, the late Walker Percy, "deliver religion from the merely edifying." In his numinous essay, "Sacraments," for instance, André Dubus provides a detailed account of an interior life made excruciatingly comprehensible by the Eucharist. It is a life blemished by sin, burdened by physical pain and handicap, and broken open by grace. Confined by injury to a wheelchair, the writer packs school lunches for his daughters, knowing that "the sandwiches are sacraments. Not the miracle of transubstantiation, but certainly parallel with it, moving in the same direction. If I could give my children my body to eat, again and again without losing it, my body like the loaves and fishes going endlessly into mouths and stomachs, I would do it. And each motion is a sacrament, this holding of plastic bags, of knives, of bread, of cutting board, this pushing of the chair, this spreading of mustard on bread...even if I do not feel or acknowledge it, this is a sacrament...it simply means that I know what I am doing in the presence of God."

Readers who believe, as I do, that Dr. Bernard Nathanson's conversion from prominent abortionist to prominent defender of the unborn is one of the few heartening stories in one of the ugliest periods of American history, will be interested in his account of his conversion to Catholicism two years ago. The story he tells of his first flirtations with the church, lurking as a fascinated nonparticipant in Manhattan parish Masses, includes this agreeable observation: "And there was that moment in the Mass when each turned to his neighbor—most likely a stranger—and shook the proffered hand, murmuring 'Peace be with you' or responded 'and with you.' It was a moment of human contact, of touching, of warm flesh upon flesh—as welcome to me as the heat and security and utter safety of a mother's enveloping love."

Now safely enwombed in that love, Nathanson is able to write: "Why am I a Catholic? I give you in all seriousness, and with no 'smartmouthedness' Dr. Walker Percy's only half-facetious answer: What else is there?" The reference is to one of Percy's best and most durable essays, a characteristically wry and fierce *apologia* which is the only posthumous piece in the Ryans' collection. For Percy, the survivor's plight in the "age of the theorist consumer" at the close of "the most scientifically advanced, savage, democratic, inhuman, sentimental, murderous century in human history" is to be a pilgrim in search of signs. There are only two signs of significance in this postmodern desert, oneself and the Jews, and "by 'the Jews,' I mean not only *Israel*, the

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exclusive people of God, but the worldwide *ecclesia* instituted by one of them, God become man, a Jew."

But the legal scholar John E. Coons best articulates the intuitions and instincts animating most of us ordinary churchgoing barbarians: "I take a rather conventional and uncomplicated view of what is Catholic, standing roughly amidships and satisfying the magisterial litmus test," he writes. "That is, I am content not only with the recognized versions of the creed but even with papal infallibility, though wanting the wit to grasp exactly what it is. To my credulous mind, Scripture and common sense conspire toward some unique species of authority within the church. If I am sometimes unclear about its nature, and just when it has been used, I am nevertheless prepared to honor it up to that final barrier called conscience that no pope would ask me to betray. So there you have it. Count me in."

Me, too. And it is with shiftless folks like us that most of the twenty-eight priests Thomas Kunkel interviewed for his provocative and valuable book habitually concern themselves. A careful—dare I say accomplished?—journalist, he seems to have mastered a formidable amount of statistical material, and much of his narrative is underwritten, but not overburdened by it. What is most absorbing in *Enormous Prayers* is, of course, the voices of the priests themselves, and if Kunkel's apparently random selection is truly representative, Catholics in America are far better served by our shrinking clergy than we deserve to be. Despite the well-documented stresses (celibacy, officialdom, time, flagging morale, parochial discontent, and all those sexual scandals) afflicting their all but beleaguered apostolate, most of these men admirably negotiate modernity, acclimating themselves and their flocks to an alien culture without capitulating to it.

Father Thomas Wenski, for example, who works in Miami among deracinated Haitians, regards American secularism and voodoo as equally pagan mission fields. "You might be a practicing Christian," he says, "but that doesn't mean the secular world view doesn't influence you. You get sick, you don't think of going to Lourdes first. You think of going to your doctor. Same thing in the Haitian world. You might have people who are practicing Catholics, [but] in a lot of ways the Haitian world view is that things happen because of evil spirits, evil plotting, the evil eye—stuff like that. So sometimes people who have the faith, they hedge their bets. What you have to do is witness the gospel in both contexts."

Of course, the denizens of our age, of Percy's "age of the theorist consumer," many of whom are "accomplished Catholics," call upon witch doctors and Catholic priests alike to give a quaint, maudlin, and ultimately irrelevant witness, a sort of comforting homage to a simpler and more innocent time and world view. That so many of these fine men fail in that idolatrous task is cause for rejoicing. □

Michael O. Garvey *is the author of* Finding Fault *(Thomas More).*

HEART OF FLESH

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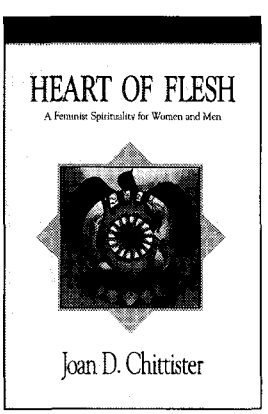

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SECOND BANANA

Will This Do?
An Autobiography
Auberon Waugh
Carroll & Graf, $24, 288 pp.

James Duffy

Given the partiality of American editors for confessions by ambulance chasers and fading comedians, it is hardly surprising that it took journalist and novelist Auberon Waugh eight years to have his memoirs (which came out in England in 1990) published here. His American publisher will not make profits comparable to those rolling in for the McBlarney Brothers' reminiscences, but the book should sell to admirers of the author's father, Evelyn Waugh, and to those who might simply enjoy a volume of graceful writing.

The author makes a modest claim for his handiwork: It "is only *an* autobiography" and not "definitive." He recalls that his Uncle Alec wrote "innumerable autobiographies, as the mood took him," and indicates that in ten years' time he may do the same.

In fact Waugh has not written another memoir. Hardly surprising, given his prolific output as editor of the *Literary Review* and as columnist for the *Daily Telegraph* and, until recently, the *Spectator*. And he perhaps deserved a rest as well from his sixteen years as an acerbic contributor to *Private Eye*.

For Americans, his adventures and feuds—and libel suits—as a journalist and columnist will probably be of least interest. Except for Rupert Murdoch and that "midget north-country journalist" Harry Evans (former president of Random House and Tina Brown's husband), the names of the colleagues he remembers—and often skewers—are not well known here. Nonetheless, one can be amused when he writes that "the secret of success on the *Mirror* was never to try to get anything into the paper. That stirred up endless resentments among your fellow scribes." This is truly a sentiment worthy of his father's immortal satire, *Scoop*.

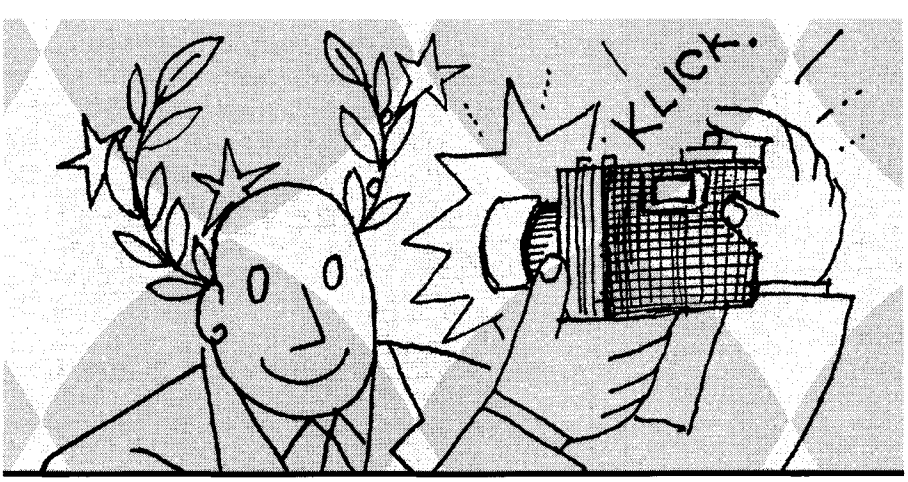
Bron Waugh accomplished much at a young age. He tells of an elaborate ruse that led to the stomach-pumping of World War II refugee children at his family's country home (he was three at the time); the episode will remind his father's readers of the terrible Connollies in *Put out More Flags*. Then he was off to the exclusive Benedictine school of Downside at twelve; a military casualty (he accidentally shot himself with a machine gun) and pensioned vet at nineteen; an undergraduate sent down from Oxford without a degree, a published novelist and a married man at twenty-one. It is small wonder that he appears a trifle fogeyish at fifty (due perhaps not only to his precocity but his heredity). He rails, for example, against "the new Mickey Mouse church of Cardinal Hume," which has nothing to do with traditional religion, "being no more than an idle diversion for the communally minded."

His narrative is peopled with wonderful eccentrics in and outside his family, but the most eccentric character of all is, of course, his father. It is well known that the elder Waugh was bored with his offspring. "The presence of my children affects me with deep weariness and depression," he wrote in 1946. "Bron [then seven] is clumsy and disheveled, sly, without intellectual or spiritual interest." In the middle of the war, the father wrote in his diary: "There is a great deal of talk at the moment about the rocket guns which the Germans are said to have set up in France with a range to carry vast explosive charges to London. This fear is seriously entertained in the highest quarters. I have accordingly given orders for the books I have been keeping at the Hyde Park Hotel to be sent [to the country]. At the same time, I have advocated my son coming to London. It would seem from this that I prefer my books to my son. I can argue that firemen rescue children and destroy books, but the truth is that a child is easily replaced, while a book destroyed is utterly lost."

Not surprisingly, Bron notes that at this time he "would gladly have swapped him for a bosun's whistle."

One is fascinated by what Waugh *fils* reveals. He tells of end-of-holiday dinners when, contrary to usual practice, the children ate with their parents in the dining room, Evelyn in white tie and wearing his military medals. Champagne was drunk, but father always gave a speech on "some variation of the theme of how delighted he was that the holidays were over and that his children were going back to school." Yet the postprandial games and merriment were the "happiest and fondest memories of our father from these early years."

Bron's most appalling memory involves the first shipment of bananas to



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reach Britain after the war. The government decreed that every child in the country should be allowed one banana. Three were consigned to the Waugh household, for Bron and two of his sisters. All were eaten by their father—with scarce cream and rationed sugar—as the children watched. "From that moment, I never treated anything he had to say on faith or morals very seriously," Bron writes.

In Evelyn's last years, father and son did enjoy "a distinct cordiality" and all admirers of Evelyn Waugh will appreciate the story of the mature relations between the two.

(Full disclosure: I am the godfather of Bron Waugh's first-born nephew. Despite this corruptible proximity, I hope I have maintained the same cool objectivity that the author displays in appraising his Uncle Alec as a man who "worked hard all his life, and wrote many books, each worse than the last.") □

James Duffy *is a writer living in New York City.*

PRIEST PIONEER

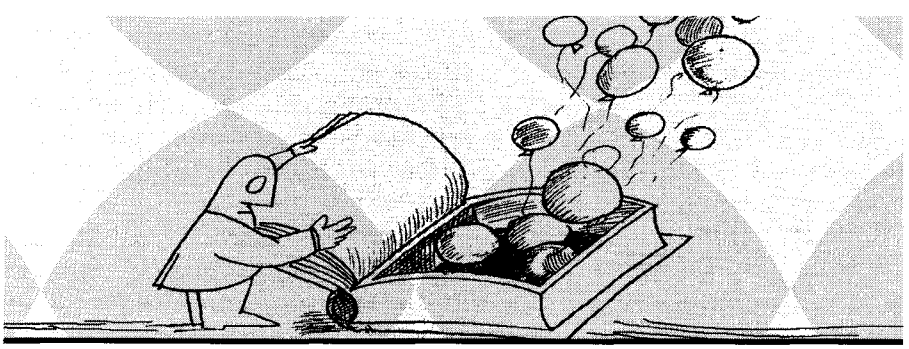
Death's Deceiver
The Life of Joseph P. Machebeuf
Lynn Bridgers
University of New Mexico Press, $39.95, 280 pp.

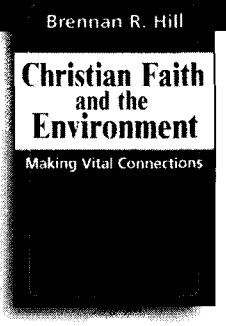
James J. Uebbing

Catholics who have grown up within a flourishing church may find it easy to overlook the efforts of those who first established it, and Catholics of a certain age may be inclined to discount the value of these efforts altogether. All the more reason, then, why we should be grateful for Lynn Bridgers's timely biography of Joseph Machebeuf, the French missionary who became the first bishop of Denver.

Like the best narrative historians, Bridgers is able to show how events and societies are shaped by men whose actions are not always typical of their time and place, even though Machebeuf was in most regards typical of the missionaries sent to America in the nineteenth century. Born in France in 1812, in a small village in the Auvergne, he was raised in a pious middle-class home, entered the seminary at an early age, and was ordained a priest in 1836. Under ordinary circumstances, his story might have ended there. Energetic, docile, and even-tempered, Machebeuf was well-suited to parish work and, as a native of the region, comfortable with the rhythms of village life. As the young curate in a small town, he quickly became a popular figure among the locals and could very easily have lived happily among them for the rest of his life.

Instead, inspired by a chance meeting with the elderly Bishop Flaget of Bardstown, Kentucky, Machebeuf put himself forward as a candidate for the Society of Foreign Missions in 1839 and





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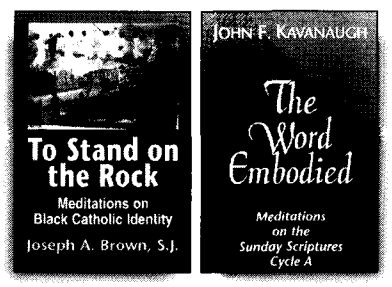
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was eventually sent to America at precisely that moment when the great waves of European immigration were transforming the church there from a tiny sect far on the margins of public life into a mass organization controlling the loyalties of a large part of the citizenry.

The story of Catholic settlement in nineteenth-century America has been told many times, and Bridgers adds very little to what we already know. Her point of view, however, makes a difference, as a missionary bishop's perspective will as a matter of course take in a very different scene than a historian's or a sociologist's. Anyone who surveys the nineteenth century in this country will see that the story of the church during those years was preeminently a story of creation. For Machebeuf, however, it seems that the constant struggle was not so much to found a church as to settle one.

Bridgers's chronicle of Machebeuf's travails in establishing parishes, hospitals, schools, and convents makes it clear that, in the Anglo territories at least, the church *followed* the Catholics to these shores, rather than being brought here by them. Machebeuf's great task was thus not to spread the faith so much as to keep it alive, and from the first his mission in America was almost entirely directed at the already baptized. Although he found himself facing steady hardships and occasional danger, this was not the heroic vocation Machebeuf had envisioned in France when he volunteered for the missions: Endlessly drawn-out lawsuits over deeds and boundaries, constant petitions and visitations to Rome in search of additional personnel, interminable feuds between bishops and priests, and insuperable debts were the daily face of his apostolate.

What is interesting is how little they stood in his way. Wherever he went, Machebeuf established dioceses, parishes, and churches that stand to this day, and he did this among people who were not always sympathetic toward him or one another. And Machebeuf himself was an unimpressive figure in many regards: intellectually uninspired, barely literate in English or Spanish, often narrow-minded in his estimation of cultures other than his own, he seems, to contemporary eyes, an unlikely success in the mission fields. But succeed he did. (He also was the inspiration for Father Joseph Vaillant in Willa Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*). How can we account for this?

The simplest conclusion, which Bridgers's account points to although she does not state it outright, is that the success was not really his. A distinctive feature of Catholic ecclesiology during this period was that the church relied for its leadership on offices rather than people, on figures who were meant to be more or less interchangeable. As long as they were present and active, the elaborate economy of grace that functioned within the rites and sacraments of the church provided what was necessary for the sustenance of the church-at-large. The figure of the pastor thus became more important than the pastor himself, in a paradox that impressed outsiders as one of the most distinctive aspects of Catholicism.

It is often remarked nowadays that the church was able to command the allegiance of so many immigrants in this country because it was the only familiar society for them in an alien culture, but this exaggerates the strength both of their own alienation and the institution itself, at least in the beginning. Before the Civil War, only Catholics who lived in one of the great coastal cities had regular access to the sacraments, and even there their opportunities for religious instruction were severely limited as a result of the scarcity of priests and widespread illiteracy. To Machebeuf and his contemporaries it was clear that the construction of the Catholic church in America entailed the construction of a new society capable of containing the Catholics themselves, and it was to this goal—rather than toward evangelizing unbelievers—that they applied themselves.

The great criticism of this approach—namely, that it ensured that the church would develop into an exotic sect sealed off from the larger culture around it—has been around at least since the Americanist controversy and still finds support in many quarters. But it is useful to be reminded, and Bridgers's account does remind us, that history proceeds more by circumstance than by design. However narrowly Machebeuf may have understood his mission, he must be said to have made a good job of it. The more universalist approach that is still in vogue today has only a brief history behind it, and it would be unfair at this point to judge it a failure. But its success remains to be seen. □

James Uebbing *is the editor of Robert Lax's* Love Had a Compass: Journals & Poetry *(Grove Press).*

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A SENSE OF PLACE

Roxanna Slade
Reynolds Price
Scribner, $25, 301 pp.

Madeline Marget

Reynolds Price's work is best appreciated in its cumulative effect, but the novel *Roxanna Slade*, his thirtieth book, is as good a place to start as to continue. Here, in the compact story of a long life, are what Price has elsewhere called "the unseen piers on which the world rides," the themes, settings, and beliefs that sustain his writing: Love of family and place, exaltation of sexual passion, and an absolute faith in God. All his writing is founded on, and intertwined with, the events, people, and development of his own life. For readers interested in the transmutation of fact into fiction—as well as those who just want to read an excellent book—Scribner's has recently reissued *Clear Pictures*, Price's memoir about his family and his early life.

In both *Roxanna Slade* and *Clear Pictures*, as in most of Price's work, the setting is rural, small-town North Carolina. It is the landscape that sustains the real as well as the fictional people in his books. The natural world is as critical to Price's work as any person or event. His people *belong* in the land they inhabit.

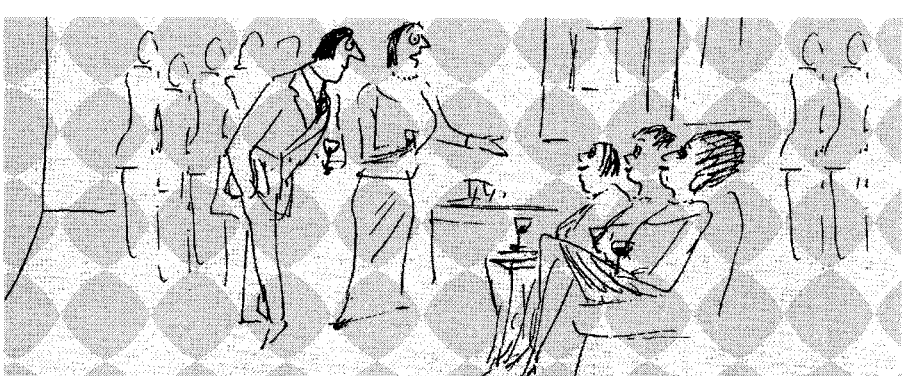
"The actual world is worth all your strength," says Roxanna, the novel's narrator. Less than twenty-five pages into the book, Price has told us about her family, "Muddie and Father and Leela of course," her younger brother Fern and her older brother, "long gone, living in Shelby with a dreadful wife and an unloved daughter with a neck as long as any wet week," and the family into which she will marry, including the daunting "Miss Olivia" who will be her mother-in-law. He's introduced race relations: In the early twentieth century, "Mules had Sundays off but very few blacks did." He makes credible a relationship between Roxanna and a young man—Larkin Slade—that, though it lasts only a few hours, includes sexual passion, the intention of fulfilling it on the spot, and the promise of a life-long commitment.

As always, the physical world is interwoven in the story of these human relationships, a world that often, even when domesticated, contains references to life beyond it. A shirt "was precisely the color of the sky, a celestial blue." "Wild as the woods looked on every side, there was a clean walk...through the great dark alleyway of old cedars...to the foot of some sway-backed steps that might have been salvaged from Adam's first hut on the far side of Eden." The Roanoke River, "one of the wonders on anybody's map," makes Roxanna think of the gods, "Greek and Roman...nothing else but their hard chancy power seemed fit to explain the life of that deep surge of water as it poured past the wide bend northeast of Lark's home...." We learn all this well enough so that when, only paragraphs later, Larkin drowns in a swimming race, the event induces heart-pounding sadness.

Larkin's death is far from the end of sorrow and grief in Roxanna's life. Years later, she suffers a long depression so severe that she comes close to killing her young daughter to save her from loneliness. She learns that Palmer, Larkin's older brother and the man she has married—"my gentle silent mysterious husband"—has for years been unfaithful to her, an especially "tangled truth" because the woman is black; racial injustice and the evil of slavery are present to a high degree in this book. And looking back from the present to the 1940s, Roxanna sees her younger self as something near to a slave, because she's a woman.

Despite all this, and more, the tone of the novel is invigorating rather than melancholy. Roxanna is a complex but not confused character. She's knowledgeable and wise, so that most of the time her experience and opinions reflect the larger world. Her voice is vital and humorous.

Roxanna believes that although "very few human beings of any sex or background are called to anything grander than dinner," her life, which she inaccurately describes as uneventful, has had purpose, especially in the sexual bond between her and her husband, "a kind of separate life that we lived in the dark with no other watchers." Roxanna is sure that the people she's loved have loved her back. She's sure of God's presence, and though sometimes she finds him unintelligible, she never finds him intimidating. She criticizes him: "As far as I can see, in fact, God's maleness is His most difficult problem. He seems to have far less patience than the universe He made requires of a loving handler which He claims to be."



"This is Sandra, a slave of love; Vivian, a prisoner of love; and Zena, a victim of love."

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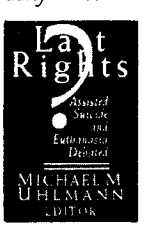

Some years ago I read a newspaper article that quoted a scriptwriter known for the verisimilitude of his invented women. When asked how he did it, he said, "I write down what I think, and then put 'she said' after it." Reynolds Price's artistry goes way beyond this perhaps disingenuous remark, but his outlook and opinions, recognizable from his other writing, are clearly present in Roxanna. Nonetheless, Roxanna Slade is *herself*, a real creation with her own distinctive story.

She joins a long line of characters, actual as well as fictional, who convey Price's most compelling quality: The presence and companionship of a person of generous understanding and warm intelligence. His work is notable in its sincerity and in its offer of friendship, gifts that aren't usually classified as literary, but, in his case at least, ought to be. □

Madeline Marget, *the author of* Life's Blood, *is working on a novel.*

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 4)

principal teaching of Vatican II, seems to be history; without it, we are left with little or no check on papal monarchy. Even in the First Council of Jerusalem, when Peter and Paul "went at it," there was loyal opposition within the church. Nowadays one simply accepts pontifical statements and creeping infallibility or risks excommunication. Jefferson was right, without vigilance we get what we deserve.

EDWARD ALCOTT
San Antonio, Tex.

A quota is a quota

James Buford's defense of affirmative action in your issue of June 19 attempts to answer the main complaints against such a policy, chief of which is that it imposes racial and gender quotas on hiring. This, he contends, is untrue. In support of his position he argues that section 703 (j) of the Civil Rights Act specifically forbids quotas. Unfortunately for Mr. Buford's argument, the Supreme Court did not so read section 703 (j). In *Steelworkers* v. *Weber* (1979), the Court specifically upheld a company employment plan which "reserved for black employees 50 percent of the openings in...in-plant training programs." The Court reasoned that had Congress intended to preclude quotas, section 703 (j) would have provided that "[n]othing in this title shall be interpreted to require or permit...preferential treatment...." Since the statute did not bar quotas—it merely specified that they are not "required"—they are permitted.

The very example Mr. Buford affords us of employment "goals" is a classic example of a quota. Assume, writes Mr. Buford, that an employer has fifty accountants on its payroll of whom two, or 4 percent, are black. However, black accountants constitute 10 percent of the employment pool from which the employer draws. Accordingly, the employer "set[s] a goal equal to availability" of black accountants. It hires one black accountant this year and three more in subsequent years until "underutilization" of black accountants "will no longer exist" and the employer determines that affirmative hiring is no longer "necessary."

A "quota," according to Webster, is "a [certain] proportional part or share." As I see it, Mr. Buford posits as an example a company *goal* to satisfy a 10 percent *quota*.

DANIEL J. LEER
Orinda, Calif.

The author replies:

According to Mr. Leer, my article argues that "section 703 (j) of the Civil Rights Act specifically forbids quotas." That is not correct. The article quoted the relevant language from the Act to show that it did not *require* quotas.

It is true, though to my mind not particularly relevant, that the Supreme Court has *permitted* quotas in certain narrowly defined situations. The *Weber* case cited by Mr. Leer involved a company with a history of employment practices that had re-

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stricted promotion opportunities for minority employees and was therefore vulnerable to a class-action lawsuit, in which a trial court might well have ordered a very stringent affirmative-action plan such as the one imposed on the Alabama State Troopers in the *Paradise* case, cited in my article.

In *Weber*, the company voluntarily adopted a plan to reserve 50 percent of the slots in a training program for minority employees to improve their promotion potential. The Court, in a 5-4 decision, upheld the plan—and set forth certain restrictions; the plan must have a time limit and must not "unnecessarily trammel" the rights of white employees. Later decisions established additional procedural safeguards against reverse discrimination. This illustrates another point made in the article: When employers adopt plans that go beyond what the law requires, the plans can be challenged in court. The Supreme Court has in fact modified and even overturned a number of voluntary affirmative-action plans; *see*, for example, *Stotts* (1984) and *Wygant* (1986).

When *Weber* was decided, almost twenty years ago, quotas were the exception in Title VII compliance procedures; it is questionable whether the present Supreme Court would permit them at all. Plans adopted under Executive Order 11246 (the approach I recommended) do, however, contain goals. Mr. Lear cites Webster's definition of a quota ("a proportional part or share") and says that usage of the term suggests a requirement, such as a sales quota. It would have been more accurate (but less useful for his purpose) had he looked up the term "goal," defined by the same source as "the end to which all effort is directed." Incidentally, "goal" and "quota" are not listed as synonyms for each other.

Affirmative action, carried out in accordance with laws and regulations, is, as I wrote, a "mildly proactive approach to equal employment." Its appropriateness may be debatable. My view, as set forth in the article, is that by and large it has served to equalize opportunity for women and minorities without unjustly harming others. Mr. Leer has chosen to avoid that issue; instead he has destroyed a straw target of his own design, thereby confirming another point made in the piece: Of current political questions, affirmative action is the least rationally argued. JAMES A. BUFORD, JR.

Too tough on Pius XII

After calling for more intellectual nuance and integrity in the assessment of Pius XII, John Pawlikowski writes ["Pius XII and the Jews," July 17]: "We must also deal more thoroughly with the question of Pius's possible tacit support of efforts by Catholic groups and individuals, such as the Assisi Underground, papal nuncios, and women religious, to rescue Jews. Documentary evidence is currently in short supply supporting a direct connection between Pius and these rescue efforts."

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sor Pawlikowski does allow, however, that "it is difficult to imagine (even under wartime conditions) that papal nuncios such as Angelo Roncalli...and Angelo Rotta...acted without some indication of Pius's approval. He could have stopped their work if he had wished. But he did not. While that may not be a moral jewel in his crown, it does indicate some positive attitude toward saving the Jews."

The professor gives no mention to Father Aldo Brunacci, a hero of the Assisi Underground whose execution only the Vatican prevented. Nor does he note the German Foreign Office's disgruntled observation about the substantive and phraseological similarities of church protests on behalf of Jews in four different countries. These similarities make it appear "as if all of [these church leaders] were receiving the same instructions from the Vatican."

More basically, reflecting the failure of retrospective imagination which riddles the whole Pius controversy, Pawlikowski doesn't ask just what needless paper trail would be generated by unarmed rescuers covertly thwarting history's most ruthless killing machine. Recall that National Socialism enjoyed a gift for retaliation. Further, within a year of war's outbreak, the Vatican knew of—and futilely protested—Axis rifling of even its diplomatic correspondence. Caution was in order.

Hence, Pius was not beyond reason when, fearing German occupation of London in 1940, he (unsuccessfully) asked Britain to destroy documentation of papal assistance to German conspirators against Hitler. And the Cardinal Secretary of State Maglione was later only prudent in asking diplomats to the Holy See to destroy files once Nazi occupation of Vatican City seemed likely. Is it conceivable that the church took any less care with its own writings?

Finally, it is not just "difficult" but impossible to imagine Roncalli and Rotta as political actors independent of Pius. After the war Roncalli emphasized that all his efforts were at the pope's behest; Rotta likewise reported that Pius ordered him to persist in his humanitarian efforts in Hungary even at mortal risk.

No writer or publication, Catholic or not, lay or religious, should promote a blind acquittal of Pius XII or his wartime church. Still, shouldn't Christ's church enjoy the presumption of innocence that we would accord any other religious institution? Given what we know, any insistence on documentary demonstration of the Vatican's blessing on and fostering of church rescue efforts defies both common sense and that presumption.

KEVIN A. DOYLE
South Nyack, N.Y.

'The Hidden Encyclical'

John Pawlikowski is surely right in urging the avoidance of "simplistic condemnations or defenses of Pope Pius XII and his response to the Holocaust," and in calling for further research about what the pope said (or failed to say) and about what he did (or omitted doing) to rescue Jews.

As Pawlikowski notes, the editor of the Vatican documents thus far released, Robert Graham, S.J., acknowledged the selectivity of his project. But Pawlikowski does not tell us that Graham dissembled badly over the draft encyclical on racism and anti-Semitism written by his fellow Jesuit, John LaFarge. Instead, Pawlikowski treats dismissively the efforts of George Passelecq and Bernard Suchecky in *The Hidden Encyclical of Pius XI* to find and publish this document. Commissioned by Pius XI, the LaFarge text was seen by Cardinal Tisserant on the pope's desk on the night before he died. It had disappeared by the following morning. The Vatican stoutly denied its existence for decades, until a copy surfaced among LaFarge's papers after he died in 1968. Hardly a paradigm of honest search for historical accuracy.

Putting to one side whatever publicist "hype" Pawlikowski complains of, we can be grateful to Passelecq and Suchecky for publishing the full text of the draft encyclical for the first time, and for assessing the document contextually. When Pius XI commissioned the document in 1937, he was fully aware that it was a critical moment in Italian history. Hitler had insisted on sending Gestapo agents to

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Rome to help the Fascists write and implement racial purity statutes akin to the Nuremberg laws. Those laws ultimately led Italian Jews to the death camps. For all the flaws of Father LaFarge's draft as viewed from today's perspective on the Jewish question, it clearly repudiated the whole theory of racial superiority underlying such laws, and not only in Europe but also in America, where Jim Crow—our vernacular for apartheid—was in full force. Without mentioning these facts, Father Pawlikowski states that the book "does not tell us much that is new." Is that why he adds that the theme of the book "certainly remains an important area for further research"?

The draft encyclical, Pawlikowski assures us, "was probably not issued because of the pope's general policy of not confronting the Nazis." But that conclusion begs the very question Pawlikowski would have us consider in a nonpolemical way: "Whether he [Pius XII] should have been more public in criticizing the Nazis, whether he should have acted earlier, whether he should have spoken out simply to maintain the church's moral integrity, whatever the practical consequences."

EDWARD MCGLYNN GAFFNEY, JR.
Valparaiso, Ind.

The author replies:

These two letters reflect the polarization of the debate over Pius XII. Kevin Doyle contends that I am still too harsh on the pope. My colleague Edward McGlynn Gaffney, Jr., believes I have left Pius off the hook with respect to the "hidden encyclical."

Doyle certainly adds a couple of positive details that we need to consider. On the negative side, I would only note that several leaders of the Assisi Underground expressed public displeasure with Pius XII. Doyle ignores this and other negative assessments by Catholics of the period. One cannot jump from a few positive comments on Pius's stewardship to a total defense. Though Doyle acknowledges that there can be legitimate criticism of Pius, he gives no examples of such criticism.

I agree with Professor Gaffney that Father Graham handled the "hidden encyclical" matter poorly. There does seem to have been a cover-up as to the draft encyclical's existence (though there is no evidentiary documentation of Pius XII's personal involvement). I agree as well that it is good that we finally have the text. That said, I still believe (along with a leading Jewish historian of the era, Professor Michael Marrus of the University of Toronto) that the Passelecq/Suchecky volume tells little new about Pius XII. It may reveal something about aspects of Vatican politics of the time, and that is why I wrote that the document should be studied. But one cannot simply dismiss the "hype" about the book, for which the authors must assume some responsibility, because the way the book was promoted served to nour-

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ish the prevailing image of the "silence" of Pius XII.

JOHN T. PAWLIKOWSKI

Guilty of mockery

Your mocking response to the letter from Jean-Michael Akey [Correspondence, August 14] merits a sincere apology to Mr. Akey and to all your readers, along with an explanation of how such a response came to be approved for publication in *Commonweal*.

FRANK E. HOWARD
Washington, D.C.

Guilty of enrichment

I was pained to note the letter from a reader canceling his subscription [Correspondence, August 14]. To deprive oneself deliberately of the enrichment of your publication is a form of self-imposed spiritual starvation. What is it about some of us Catholics that makes us want to take our ball and go home when someone disagrees with us?

Every member of the Catholic League could benefit from the editorial, "Tests of Faith," in the same issue, and from the sustenance given in the articles by Fathers McCormick, Coriden, and Imbelli. Why deny oneself the joys of Richard Alleva's screen reviews? Or the information and enjoyment available in the book review section? And those cartoons! In this dour world of anathemas, how delightful to enjoy a hearty chuckle.

It seems your ex-subscriber was interested only in justice rather than mercy for the imprisoned pedophile. Your quotation from Jesus was apt; in addition, the Bard of Avon tells us that "in the course of justice, none of us should see salvation."

If I had the pleasure of pastoring a modern parish, I would subscribe to *Commonweal* for each of my families.

CHARLES F. DEARING
Louisville, Ky.

From the editors: If we had episcopal powers, you'd get a parish.

Al Smith on religious liberty

In his review [July 17] of John T. Noonan's splendid book, *The Lustre of Our Country*, John McGreevy does not note the absence of an incident that would have greatly enriched Noonan's account of the "free exercise of religion" in our country's recent past. This is the significant controversy in 1927 between Charles C. Marshall, a Protestant lawyer with a claim to competency in canon law, and Alfred E. Smith, who became the Democratic nominee for the presidency in 1928. Marshall's letter to the *Atlantic Monthly* [April 13, 1927] held that papal teaching would require Smith to attempt the establishment of the Roman Catholic religion in the United States. Smith's reply, generally accepted as satisfactory, appeared in the *Atlantic Monthly* in May 1927.

The full story is told by Father Thomas Shelley in his article, "'What the Hell is an Encyclical?' Governor Alfred E. Smith, Charles C. Marshall, Esq., and Father Francis P. Duffy" [*U.S. Catholic Historian*, Spring 1997]. Father Duffy, a former editor of the prestigious *New York Review*, published at New York's Dunwoodie Seminary, was the principal author of Smith's reply.

At the time, *Commonweal* remarked that Smith's letter was "destined to be the most widely read apology ever published in the United States."

This letter anticipated by twenty years John Courtney Murray's treatment of this question, which he began in the late 1940s.

(MSGR.) JOHN J. QUINN
Yonkers, N.Y.

Organize, organize

Reading the article on young adult Catholics in your issue of July 17, I was struck by the huge number of respondents who are strongly committed to service for the poor yet do not embrace the church's social teaching about workers' right to organize into unions.

Granted, hands-on service to those in need is important. But working at a soup kitchen, or spending a spring break building a house for a homeless family does not get at the root causes of poverty. I believe the best way to help lift people out of poverty is to support their efforts to organize for a united voice in the workplace in the struggle for better wages, benefits, and working conditions.

In my twelve years in Catholic schools, I don't recall ever hearing the word "union." Clearly, Catholic educators and leaders have instilled the message of service to the poor, but should be giving at least equal emphasis to the rights of workers. A helpful source of information on Catholic social teachings and of relevant worship materials is the National Interfaith Committee for Worker Justice, 1607 W. Howard Street, Suite 218, Chicago, Ill. 60626.

JILL A. CASHEN
Chicago, Ill.

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PRIEST AT WORK

Vincent P. Stanton

It was about 9:15 on a Monday evening, and seventy-five to ninety students and parishioners had already vacated Di Giovanni Hall. A dozen people remained, half of whom were stacking chairs, and the other half talking. The protocol of chair stacking after a Saint Paul's event is well established. The hall is used for parish functions as well as those of the Harvard-Radcliffe Catholic Student Center. After each such event, it must be returned to "the gymnasium mode" so that students attending the Boston Archdiocesan Choir School, housed in the same building, can use it for basketball the following morning.

In a somewhat Pavlovian response to these rules, a few members of each gathering begin to clear the floor as soon as the applause has died. The "Marthas" in the audience, some of whom sport beards, do not complain about their lot; the task has its social gratifications. Depending upon relative physical strength, the workers lift one, two, or three chairs at a time while other well-wishers drag one or two seats over to the closet where the heavy hitters are working. Meantime, others finish their conversations or wait to chat with the speaker of the evening.

The speaker this evening was the Reverend J. Bryan Hehir, finishing his final lecture in a series titled "Perspectives on the Moral Life of Discipleship." The talk, scheduled to begin at 7:30, had not even begin on "Harvard Time" (7:40). As he hurried in at 7:45, a good-natured heckler joshed the former pastor, which brought a quick apology and a quiet litany of the many obligations and academic activities that had immediately preceded this talk.

While a summary of the hour-and-twenty-minute talk is not germane here, it might be noted that the speaker covered the classical approach to moral formation which dominated priestly training for close to five hundred years. He then proceeded to discuss the biblical renewal which supplanted it in the middle of the twentieth century following the publication of Bernard Häring's major works; the validation of that thinking at Vatican Council II; the reaction to that charismatic approach which developed in the 1970s as philosophers argued that there is an autonomous morality which should be common to believers and nonbelievers; and finally the analysis brought to the subject by Pope John Paul II in his 1993 encyclical *Veritatis splendor*.

Back to the chairs. One of them was occupied by a gentleman who was fast asleep, breathing heavily, and, it would seem, in danger of falling off at the slightest disturbance. All were shy about rousing him. Preconciliar Catholics as well as modernizers were in agreement that "Father will know what to do." Our reticence to tackle the problem related to the fact that the gentleman's ability to stand up unaided was seriously in doubt. He had imbibed, you understand, and, later, confessed publicly that he was "nothing but an alcoholic."

Several efforts to rouse him had failed, but Father Hehir's third try brought a begrudging acknowledgment of conscious presence and recognition of the former pastor. It was followed by the glowing tribute: "Father, you gave a great talk."

Bending over this guest who had no plan of exit, Father continued to press the idea that the hall had to be cleared, and the parish center locked up.

The obvious questions in the minds of all the onlookers were: "Where will he go?" "How do we get him there?" "Who's stuck with that job?" And, "What happens if you can't even get him out of the car?"

We had just been told by Father Hehir, "A call to the police will result in his being dropped at the detox center on Albany Street, or perhaps at the Pine Street Inn, and none of these fellows wants to go to those larger places."

The guest made a bid which he hoped would be preemptive: "Take me to Mount Auburn Hospital, Father. They'll take me there."

"I doubt that they will do that," was the response of the former pastor. "They'll do it at Cambridge City. But Mount Auburn? I doubt that they can."

"Take me to Mount Auburn, Father. They L-O-V-E me there." This was followed by the admission that he had spent the preceding night there and had released himself that morning.

At that point the weary lecturer left the room to go to the telephone, acknowledging in an aside, "I'm afraid this is going to be a longer evening than I bargained for." It was unclear whether he would call the police, Cambridge City Hospital, or Mount Auburn.

Three minutes later Bryan Hehir was back, an amazed smile on his lips. "They'll take him at Mount Auburn. They know him well." And then, "Wait just a minute till I get my coat and car keys." He was joined by the youngest and perhaps most able-bodied of the remaining onlookers; then the trio exited the hall.

Naturally, but not inevitably, one was reminded of Luke 10:33-34: "But a Samaritan traveler who came upon him was moved with compassion at the sight. He approached the victim, poured oil and wine over his wounds, and bandaged them. Then he lifted him up on his own animal, took him to an inn, and cared for him."

Ahh, but it couldn't be. That was a Samaritan. This is a priest. □

Vincent P. Stanton, *a retired investment manager, is a member of Saint Paul's Church in Cambridge, Massachusetts.*

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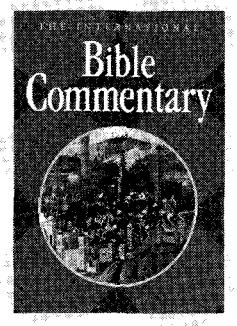

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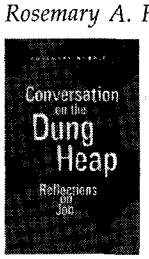

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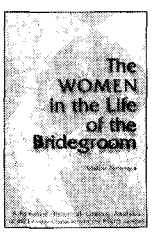

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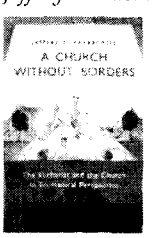

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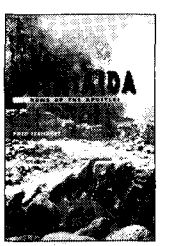

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